In This Issue: 8 More Pages of Special Features

BACHELOR

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SIXTY CENTS
MARCH

How the Sin-Girls Raided the Nudists!

Astrology Forecast for Leap Year and You

Fanny Hill Vs. Christine Keeler



Satire: How I Made a Million Dollars In One Hour Flat

Those Free-Loving Coeds: Why Every Man Should Go to College



FEET first! What niftier way could there be to start the first issue of Leap Year? With more exciting features than ever before — and more beauties, too—it's enough to make any reader begin reading right now.

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BACHELOR

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WILD, WORLD

BARE FACTS WANTED

SOMETIMES a debate can be nothing but a bore, so thought a shapely 19-year-old blonde, Anna Kesselaar. At Edinburgh, Scotland, while a discussion of the theatre droned on, Anna impulsively rose in the audience and proceeded to peel her clothes. Another spectator grabbed a spotlight and played it on her while she stripped to the buff. The audience cheered as the Godiva-ed Anna paraded up and down the aisle. "It was a bit of a giggle," she said later. "It was a piece of pointless vulgarity," said the debate's chairman, but the Queen's cousin, the Earl of Harewood admitted, "I wasn't at all annoyed."

NOTES FROM ALL OVER

IN Dodge City, Kansas, 21-year-old Mrs. Roy Janes told the sheriff that she'd had a fight with her husband and choked him. They'd squabbled over car keys and she snapped, "I could kill you." Hubby's reply was, "Go ahead." So she tied him in a chair, put a rope around his neck and pulled as hard as she could. Later the sheriff found hubby riding around the town on a bicycle, looking for his wife. Said Mr. Janes: "I managed to free myself after she left." When the sheriff reported the news to Mrs. Janes, she was crestfallen. "I still could kill him," she said.

* * *

In Dodgeville, Wisconsin, the estranged wife of a local grocer brought suit against her husband to prevent him from giving away additional sums of money. "He's the mystery man," she charged. The "mystery man" referred to the anonymous donor of more than $3000 to widows and orphans. Thus the grocer could no longer enjoy playing his own private game of "I've Got A Secret."
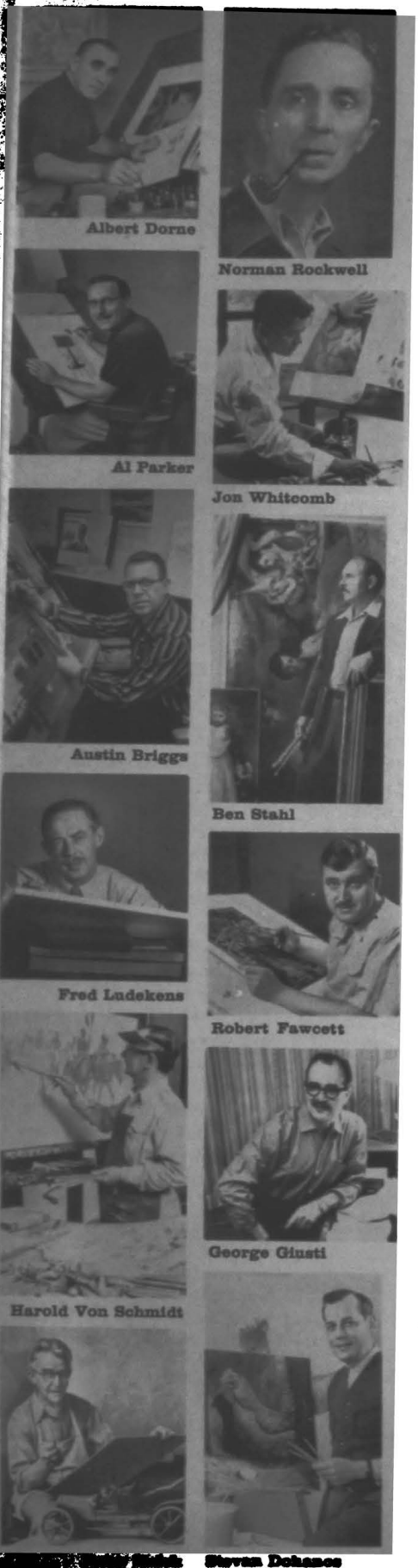
* * *

"If all magistrates, judges, solicitors, barristers, doctors and police officers concerned with drunken driving would take the trouble to calibrate themselves, the judgment would be put on a sounder basis," said England's Dr. B. M. Wright. In other words, the medico was recommending that officials should get drunk themselves. Laws permit driving on a maximum intake of two ounces of whiskey. Yet, Dr. Wright snapped, "I wouldn't dream of driving if I had that much to drink."

MIGHTY LAK A LAHR-K

ANY ACTOR unfortunate enough to sound like Bert Lahr can expect to run into a lawsuit if his efforts should be used in movies or on TV. This happened recently when the famed comedian slapped a $500,000 suit against the producers of "The Yogi Bear Show." He charged that the voice of Snagglepuss, one of the characters in the series, "imitates, simulates and mimicks my vocal style, phrasing, sounds and characteristics." This is not the first time Lahr has sued. His case awhile back, due to the fact that a duck in a television commercial sounded like him, was settled for a fat sum of money out of court.

SETTING A FAST PACE

FOUR MEN have built a racing car that will do 300 miles an hour, but none of them will drive it. Weighing 1350 pounds, with 650-horsepower engine, the car cost New Yorkers Stephen Cohen, Frank Rod, Abraham Alter and Stephen Juda $2800 to build. "If you turn the wheel an eighth of an inch it might turn over," said Alter. So they hired a driver who according to Juda "is not afraid or crazy. As for us," he added, "we're afraid."



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IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

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Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four year ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

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Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to $100 each."

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To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Mail coupon today.

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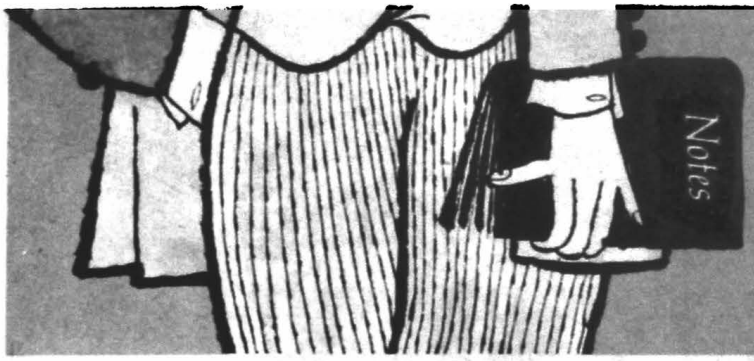
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Bachelor's Little Black Book

WHAT WITH ALL the to do these days about racial discrimination and the unfair employment practices toward women, it is high time that a freedom blow be struck on behalf of that most egregiously mistreated minority—the bachelor. This cause is not founded on arrant whimsy, for the bachelor must make his way through life while society holds a shotgun to his back.

Put briefly, he is discriminated on his job; he is over-assessed by the tax commissioner; he is maligned by society; his freedom is unduly jeopardized by call to military service (an honor that is now bestowed exclusively upon him); he is virtually prejudged guilty by jurors and jurists whenever an escapade with the opposite sex brings him to a court of law; and his cost of living is generally higher than any other member of society.

Should bachelorhood as a state of mind and being be eventually coerced out of existence, the world would be reduced to a sorry condition. No longer would it be able to enjoy the inspired fruits of single-blessedness as produced by the likes of Voltaire, Ben Jonson, Ben Franklin, Samuel Johnson, Gauguin, Picasso and many others. For behind the spirit of bachelorhood has been a restless pursuit of freedom, knowledge and youthful adventure, plus an annoyance with society's stifling demands to conform.

* * *

The cost of single-blessedness comes high, however. In the old days (prior to World War I), it was possible for a man to enjoy an evening with his mistress without more than a small dent being made in his exchequer. A night on the town consisted of dinner, a theatre and an eventual romp in the hay, all of which could be defrayed for an extremely modest sum. Presently, a bachelor who earns less than $25,000 a year couldn't afford a night on the town. It was recently estimated that dinner, theatre and night club tabs normally add up to a minimum of $165 (including tips). Only a beatnik can get by on less, while still preserving the full flavor of the bachelor's *joie de vivre*. (This makes one wonder whether it isn't the economic factor that is the strongest motivation to the beatnik or bohemian way of life.)

As a result, a number of "confirmed bachelor" societies have been cropping up in Europe, England and America, with the purpose of creating a climate where men can enjoy their single state without wilting before social pressures or economic bankruptcy. The societies' functions range from drawing up for members itineraries of "cheap dates" to providing legal assistance in case of paternity suits.

So effective have these new clubs been that one coed, Ilse Zweig of New York announced, "If this continues, there won't be a college man available for marriage by 1972."

In Europe, college girls became sufficiently alarmed about the males' recent strike for freedom that they formed a committee with the hope of achieving some form of mediation. The determined bachelors remained unmoved. Instead they issued a report which concluded: "Remember, marriage today is a prison. These women are only interested in locking you up for life, or for as long as you can take it, with no time off for good behavior."

John West, an English drama critic, chose to comment on the new bachelor movement with the following observations:

"If such a spirit should ever take hold, it would result in a miraculous improvement of the arts which today are dying of middle-class bourgeois dullness. This is particularly true of the theatre where playwrights seem obsessed with the problems of the home, nagging wives and stupid children—in other words, the simple-minded lives which these playwrights themselves pursue.

"Say what you want about the bachelor's existence. A single man does not have to be alone if he chooses otherwise. However, a creative man *should* be alone if he desires to reflect deeply enough to say something meaningful."

West pointed out that in the past such greats as Shakespeare and Shaw, while they were indeed married, nevertheless aggressively retained an important quality of the bachelor's life. "Needless to say, it is doubtful that the Bard of Avon obtained much intellectual stimulation for his masterpieces while in the company of his charming Ann Hathaway," he said. "I am sure that had there not been the lusty, carousing meetings at the Mermaid Tavern with the other great wits of the day, we would not have Shakespeare's great literary treasures.

"As for Shaw," West went on, "his style of living may have been different from the Bard's, but its intent was the same. It was the practice of the great Irish playwright to take lengthy marital vacations from his wife so that he might be free to think and write and live unfettered by a relationship he regarded as necessary though artificial."

* * *

Despite the manifest contributions to society by bachelors, they have been treated as second-class citizens since the early days of Greece. The free men of Athens and Sparta were forbidden to enjoy the company of the courtesans if they remained unmarried after approximately 21 years of age. There was, of course, a reason for this. Both city states were concerned with manpower shortages, and it was considered a

every man to burden himself with a wife, simply for the sake of reproducing additional members of the class.

In Rome, during 9 A.D., the *Lex Julia* required of all men who had completed military service to get married, settle down and raise children for the state. Should a man disobey the law, he was frequently dealt severe punishment, such as loss of property, heavier taxes and sometimes imprisonment.

The English, too, have a long history of heaping unfair treatment on single men. As far back as 1695, a law was passed requiring bachelors and childless widowers to pay what was then a whopping tax, while their married brethren were not assessed. The purpose in this instance was not to encourage giving birth to more children; it was simply and cold-bloodedly a device to raise more money.

In 1785 another discriminatory law was passed imposing a tax on bachelors for each servant they had. In that period, a number of men discovered that most of the problems of married life could be done away with by hiring a housekeeper or two (and an attractive, compliant housekeeper proved even more desirable). The tax turned out to be stiff enough to discourage a number of less affluent males from pursuing this novel path to single-blessedness.

Finally, in 1798 the government allowed income tax deductions for married men with children, a practice that has been carried across five oceans and which continues today.

• • •

The law courts have been no kinder to bachelors than the tax assessor. In the early 1800s a Massachusetts court ruled against an unmarried man in a paternity suit by saying that although it could not prove he was actually the father, it was reasonable to suppose that he was, since he was the only single man seen in the company of the woman (married men, however, were also seen with her) and therefore the only person so disposed to ravish her.

This attitude was strong enough to induce Grover Cleveland, the only bachelor elected to the White House, to pay large sums of blackmail money to a woman he once saw frequently. Whether Cleveland ever slept with the woman it isn't actually known. However, what *is* known is that she had given birth to a child long after he had stopped seeing her. Nevertheless the climate of the times, plus Cleveland's political ambitions, left him with no other choice than to pay.

The most outrageous example of a court's discrimination against a bachelor took place in Joan Barry's paternity suit against the then-unmarried Charlie Chaplin. The famous comic made no bones about the fact that he had been enjoying his bachelor existence to the hilt; furthermore, he even admitted that he had taken Miss Barry as his mistress, as well as his protege, with the intention of making her a star. However, Chaplin insisted that he was not the father of her child. The court ordered a blood test, the results of which were negative. This meant that the millionaire comic couldn't possibly be the father of the infant. Even if the results were positive, it would only indicate that he *might have been* the father. Nevertheless, despite this conclusive evidence to the contrary, the jury ruled that Chaplin was responsible for the paternity and would have to pay for the upbringing and support of the child that was not his own.

• • •

Not very long ago, an unmarried writer recounted his experiences while spending a weekend with a former college classmate at the latter's suburbia home. For several years he hadn't seen his friend who by now had two children, besides a wife. As usual the conversation progressed from more formal matters to more intimate subjects (after the second round of martinis).

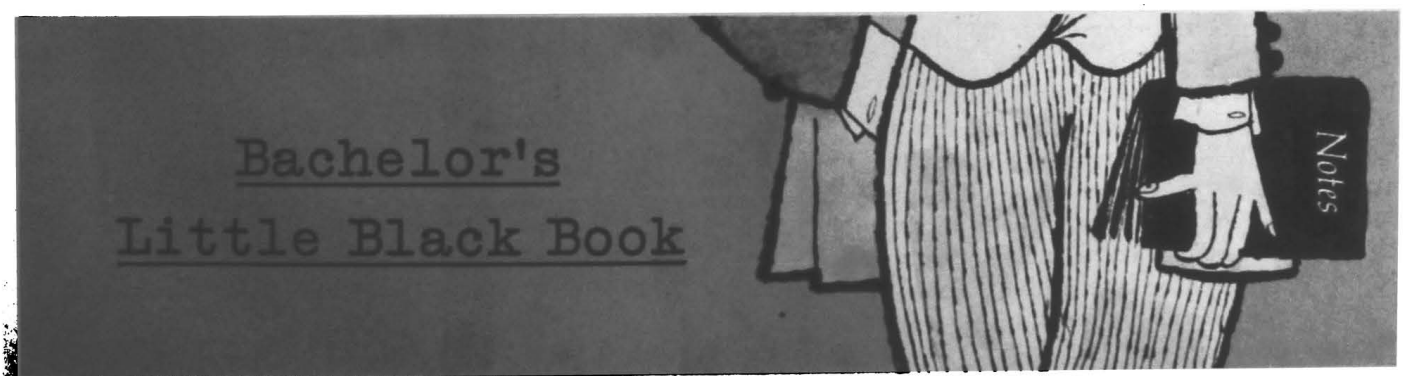
The wife began to launch into the topic of the writer's state of being unmarried. She said in typical fashion, "You're still young enough, good-looking, make a good income. Why I know lots of girls who'd be thrilled to have you." (She remained oblivious to the fact that he preferred having lots of girls, too—all of them.)

The writer took all of this good-naturedly. His only comment was that he was glad everybody *doesn't* have the same attitudes. However, the following night, he received the shock of his life. His hosts had thrown a party and invited one of the "girls who'd be thrilled to have" the bachelor. She was attractive, too, but not as a marriage possibility, though. Yet, as things turned out later, this was hardly the purpose of the get-together. After dinner, everybody began playing "The Game," otherwise known as the sport of wife-swapping. Rules were waived, permitting the bachelor and the unattached female guest to participate as though they were man and wife, meaning that he could not end up in bed with her.

Eventually it was his classmate's wife the writer was to have, and after a delirious romp in the hay, she said to him, "You see, married life isn't all that bad, after all."

The only sensible conclusion that anyone can make of all this is the fact that it is high time people begin respecting the bachelor spirit that's in all of us. Another way of putting it: You can take a man out of bachelorhood, but you can't take the bachelor out of the man.

The Editors



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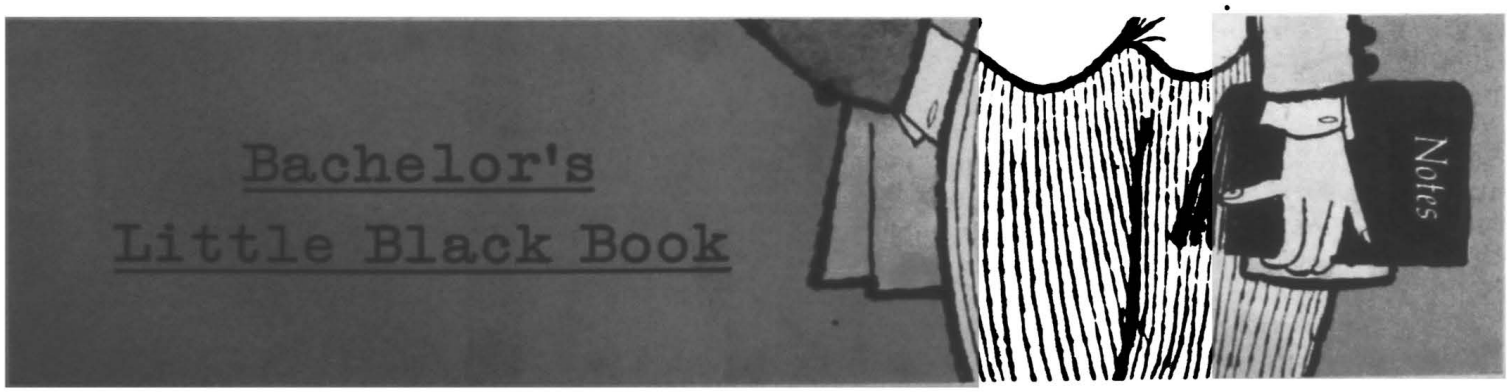
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FANNY HILL



BY CHARLES THOMPSON

"FANNY HILL'S experiences contain little more than what the community has already encountered on the front pages in reporting the recent Profumo case . . ."

The words are those of Supreme Court Justice Arthur G. Klein in dismissing an action to have the erotic novel "Fanny Hill," subtitled "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure," banned in New York State.

The Judge added that if the heroine of the 214-year-old tale by John Cleland were alive today *"she might conceivably encounter many things which would cause her to blush."*

Without doubt, this is true. Despite the frank, detailed and repetitive descriptions of sex found in her memoirs, Fanny rolls off the pages the most unhip of moralists, concluding that *"If I have painted Vice in all its gayest colours . . . it has been solely in order to make the worthier, the solemner sacrifice of it to Virtue."* As to her blushes, they come so easily as to seem the motivating force behind her eager 287 pages of bed-hopping.

Certainly Fanny would find much in the career of the Profumo case's leading femme fatale, Christine Keeler, to bring the rosy color of outraged morality to her cheeks. Christine's Cliveden swim a-la-buff surely would have shocked Fanny who remained a stickler for maidenly modesty long after she relinquished her claim to maidenhood. Christine's lovers, taking pot-



VS. CHRISTINE KEELER

The bawdy heroine of a once-banned book might have gasped, had she known the real lowdown on the scarlet playgirl whose antics made the British turn purple.

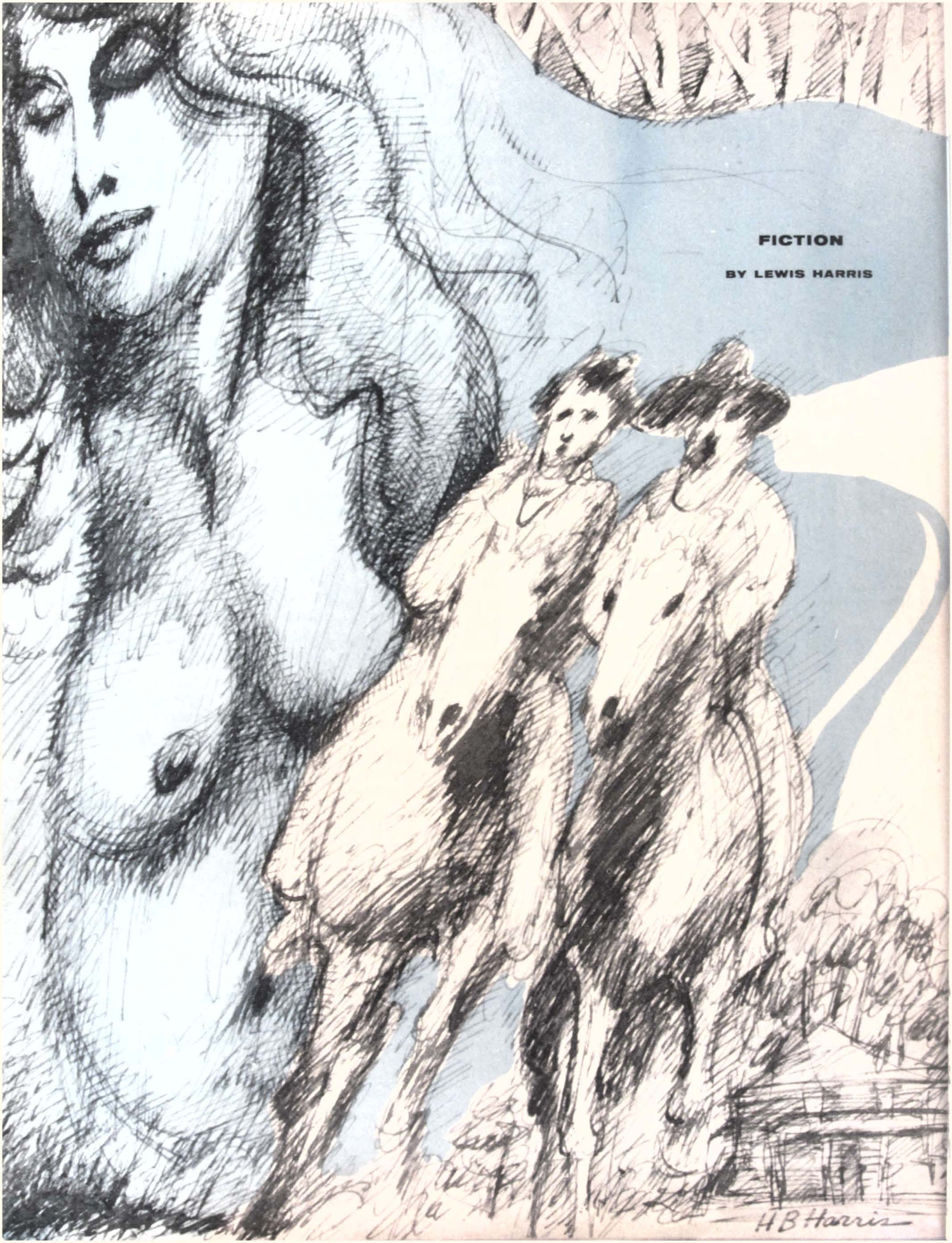
shots at her, would also have disturbed the gentle lass whose reaction to having to whip a customer during her stay in a brothel was extremely disapproving. Fanny, conditioned by the mores of the 1700s which labeled politics strictly a man's province, would consider Christine beyond the pale for her her involvements with a British Minister of War, a Russian diplomat and Parliament itself. And to Christine's announcement at age 15 that she was "going to have one hell of a ball," Fanny's outrage would be great. She never, never used profanity; in her day, ladies – even ladies-of-the-night – just didn't swear.

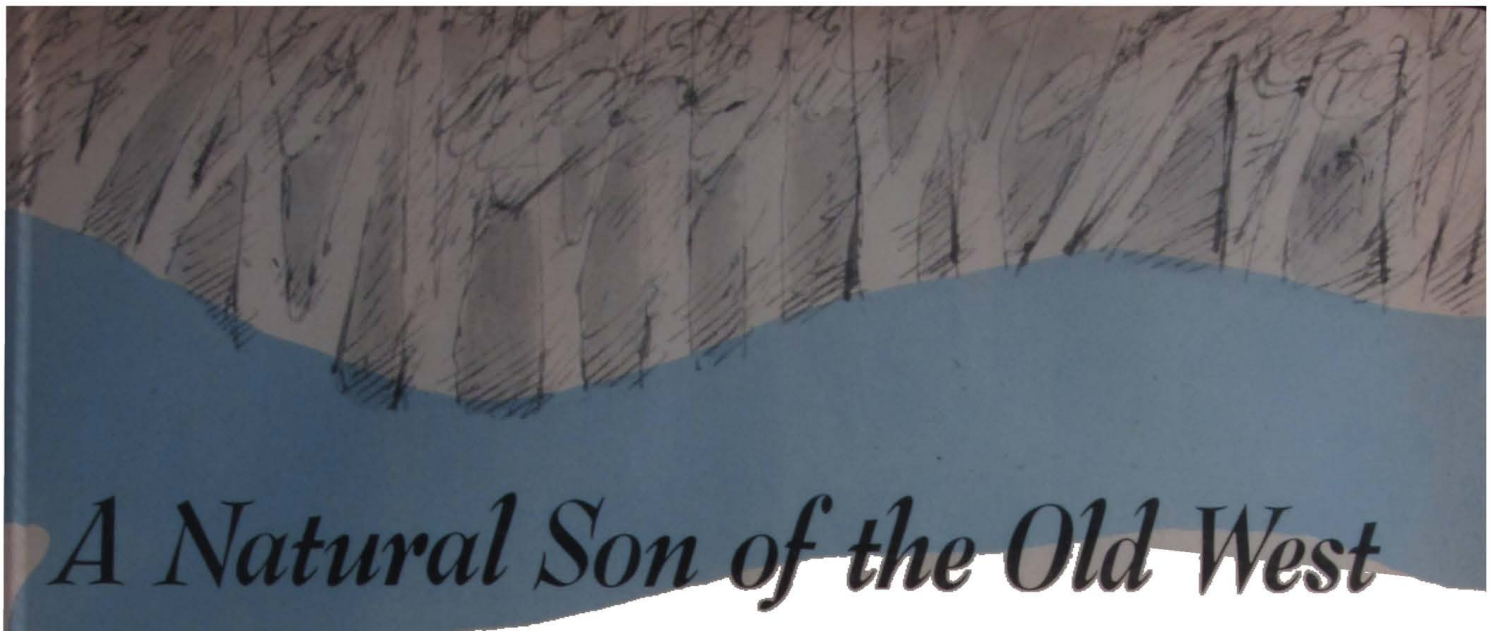
Indeed, while daily newspaper reports of the saga of Christine have shocked the most blasé readers, the chronicles of Fanny – repressed by censors all over the world for more than 200 years – have been praised for their "high moral content" by many pillars of the modern literary establishment. One such, J. Donald Adams of the New York Times Book Review, testified that the book "presents sexual relations in a normal manner and when other than normal relations are touched on, it is with disapproval."

This matter of Fanny's relative morality versus Christine's relative immorality really boils down to the fact, long recognized by psychologists, that sex left to the imagination is usually more titillating than sex spelled out in detail. Just as the semi-veiled temptress often has greater appeal than the out-and-out female nudist, the seduction time lapse in literature (and in life) is more intriguing than the step-by-step description. Filling in the gaps enables the reader to be a sort of participant if he wishes; when there are no gaps, he is relegated to the role of voyeur.

Thus the innuendoes of the day-by-day accounts of Christine's antics might be construed as more offensive to current morality than the bed-by-bed confessions *(Cont. on p. 82)*




FICTION
BY LEWIS HARRIS
H B Harris



A Natural Son of the Old West

The fast-drawing gunmen are legendary. Yet, few realize it took a lot of wild women to make the old West wild.

NOW, if this was one of them movies 'bout the Old West, when a no-account, hard-drinkin,' female-seducin,' poker-playin' gunslinger like Jake Groggins hitched up to a sweet, pretty, right shapely little gal of unquestioned virtue (even if she was a mite too saucy an' flirty with the young bucks, according to the womenfolks) like our school-ma'am, the next scene would have them ridin' off into the sunset together an' fadin' into "THE END."

Wal, 'tweren't "THE END." Nosir, it was "THE BEGINNING," that's what it were. Course, Jake did go ridin' off into the sunset a few weeks after they was hitched. But Melinda —the school-ma'am—wasn't a-ridin' with him. 'Bout the only thing you might say was ridin' with him was a mad-as-hell posse tryin' to get back the money he stole from the local bank. An' they wasn't exactly with him. Matter a fact, they was too durned far behind to ketch him an' string him up like they oughta.

Natural enough, Melinda cried some. But she was a sensible critter for a female, an' right soon she dried her tears an' toted up what Jake left behind. A beat-up saddle, a marked deck, half-a-bottle a rotgut an' a deposit book sayin' he had $37 in the bank he robbed; it didn't add up to a hill a beans, so Melinda stopped totin' an' quit carryin' on an' went back to teachin' school. Six months later she came up with somethin' else Jake left her—a bouncin' baby boy she named Harry.

Small Western towns bein' like small towns most ev'rywhere, you might say the cards was stacked 'gainst Harry from the day he was born, what with his Pappy such a cut up, an' robbin' the bank an' all. But, like other towns, the folks in this one was a foller-the-leader bunch. The leader was Rodney J. Phipps, owner an' proprietor of the bank what Jake had robbed.

Now, this Phipps weren't only respected, he was a real gent as well. He proved that right after Harry was born by walkin' up to Melinda right smack in the middle of Main Street where ev'ry body could see him, tippin' his hat an' inquirin' 'bout her health loud and clear. Then he asked on the baby, an' tol' her that regardless o' what Jake done, he didn't hold it agin her an' Harry, an' if she ever had any trouble she should be sure to come to see him.

That set the style, an' folks simmered down an' pretty soon Harry was just another kid growin' up in the town an' Melinda were the school-ma'am an' Jake was almos' fergot. Almos', but not quite, because news kept driftin back over the years 'bout how Jake gunned down this man, or that, or held up some stagecoach, or got hisself runned outa some town or other. A few times 'twas whispered that he come back to see Melinda at night, but nobody ever saw him for sure, an' if he did, he were too smart to get caught what with a warrant still out fer him an' all.

Anyway, it didn't change the way folks thought 'bout Melinda an' little Harry. The boy was growin' up now, an' every so often some old-timer might mark how he an' the Phipps girl—R.J.'s daughter Alice, who was the same age as Harry—played together so nice an' how it was kinda funny they was so friendly considerin' his Pappy oncet robbed her Pappy's bank. But they always added that it just showed how downright democratic the banker were.

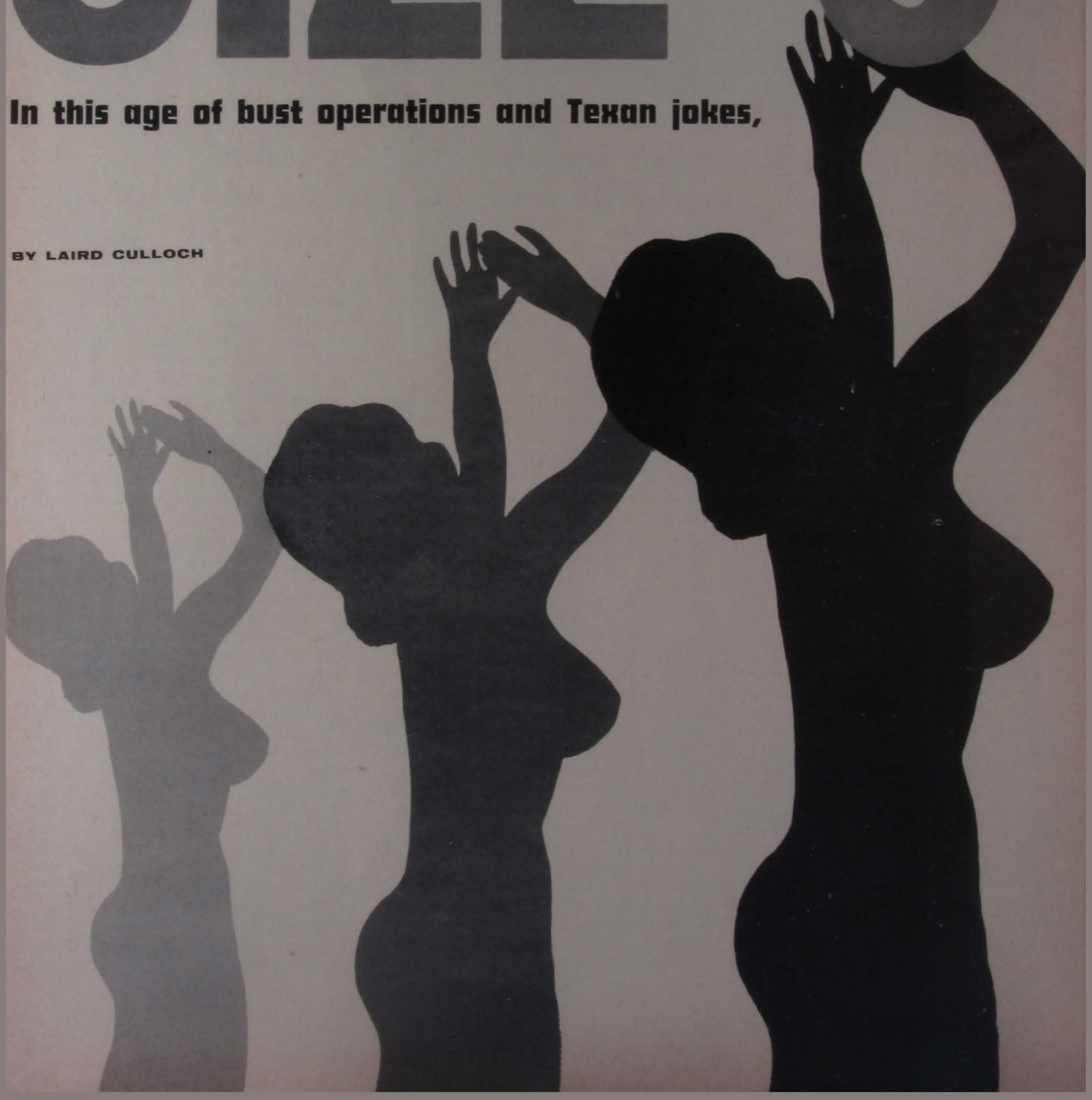
So some sixteen, seventeen years passed, with the kids a-growin' up 'bout as close as two young uns o' the opposite sex could be. An' then, these kinda things bein' the same in the Old West as anywhere, one night they wandered off into the moonlight, into the woods, an' smooched it up some.

Wal, maybe more than somewhat. Fer them days, maybe a lot. Pshaw, fer any days, seems they went 'bout as far as kids can *(Cont. on p. 72)*

SIZE-0

In this age of bust operations and Texan jokes,

BY LAIRD CULLOCH



MANIA

It's become okay for figures to lie—just so long as they're big.

ABOUT a year ago, Jackie Gleason told a story on his TV show which went roughly as follows:

A rover wandered into a cattle town in the Old West and applied for a job as bartender in the local rotgut parlor. The boss of the place hired him, then gave him the following advice—

"This is a nice quiet place and you won't have any trouble—except when Big John hits town. Then look out! When you hear Big John's a-comin', drop everything, don't worry about the business or nothin', and run for your life."

The rover worked for about six weeks and found it was a nice peaceable ginmill with a peaceable, serious-drinking clientele. Then one night a farmer came screaming through the door, gasping for breath. "Big John's a-comin'!" he shouted.

Immediately the cry was taken up the length of the bar. "Big John's a-comin'! Big John! Run for your life!" Tough, grizzled cowpokes gulped down their drinks, hightailed it out of the saloon and made tracks for the safety of the hills beyond the town. Within scant minutes the place was empty.

"Hurry! Big John's a-coming'! Hurry!" someone shouted through the swinging doors at the bartender. Dazed, but figuring it would be best to run like everybody else, he started for the doors. But just as he got through them, he tripped on his long apron and tumbled onto the porch, the wind knocked out of him. When he got his breath, he started to his feet again, then shrank flat against the side of the building at the sight which confronted him.

There was the biggest, hairiest man the bartender had ever seen. He towered over the roof of the porch. His arms were like brawny oaks, his legs like stout pillars. He rode a giant ox and in one hand held a leash to which was attached an outsize, snarling wildcat.

The bartender watched. The man dismounted and gave the behemoth he'd been riding a mighty kick in the belly and delivered an open-handed smack across the snout of the wildcat. "You two wait here!" he growled in a voice like rumbling thunder. "You the bartender?" he inquired.

The bartender could only tremble and bob his head in fear.

"Whiskey!" the giant ordered.

The bartender scurried inside and behind the bar. By the time the ogre reached it, set out were a full bottle of whiskey and a glass. The glass was ignored, the bottle picked up and emptied in one long, amazing gulp. "Ahh!" The giant wiped his mouth on his sleeve and turned to leave.

"W-Would you l-like another?" the bartender asked, anxious to please.

"Shore would, but I ain't got the time," came the answer. "I'm gettin' outa here pronto. Ain't you heard? Big John's a-comin'!"

Yes, Big John *is* a-comin'. He isn't here yet, but he's just over the horizon. You can hear the rumble of his approach in the cult of BIGNESS which has swept America in recent years. You can hear it in the "Big-Bigger-Biggest" chant emanating from the Pentagon, and in the high-whining march from "LARGE economy size" to "GIANT economy size" along Madison Avenue. You can hear it in all areas in the rallying cry of our age which goes: "The bigger, the better," and "the biggest, the best!"

(Cont. on next page)

Size-O-Mania

From whence springs this national deification of BIG? Its origins are threefold: biological, geographical and philosophical. The most basic of these is biological — and that means sex.

Size has always been a matter of concern where sex is involved. In the male it is equated with virility. In other cultures, though, this has led to strange results.

For instance, anthropologists studying a certain Chinese ethnic group, found them physically underendowed in the masculinity department as compared to the average human male. Contrarily, all of their sculptures, paintings, and statues of gods presented this part of the body in such giant and outsize forms as to approach the ridiculous. Any psychologist would identify the inferiority complex at work here, but the important point is the tendency of our society to fall into the same trap with our stressing of largeness.

The answer to this tendency in the realm of sex was succinctly provided by Annie Christmas, a famous madam of the Old West, some years back. "It ain't how big you are," observed Annie. "It's how you do it that counts!" But to the would-be Casanova of today, it's the importance of size, not technique, which looms large.

The same is true of women, only with them it's the secondary sex glands which today have fallen prey to the demands of bigness. The flat chest of the '20s has swelled to the behemoth bosom ideal of the '60s. And as the accent on size has increased, the concern with shape has diminished. Where once upon a time firmness, curvature and proportion to other parts of the figure were the standards by which bosom beauty was judged, today's standards boil down to the BIG bust—and the devil take the hindmost, and all the rest of the female form as well.

The result is that the American woman is all bust and hip-hip-hooray. The girls have taken on a moo-cow-moo appearance with disregard for basic esthetics. And if a lass is smallish, her expanse account is padded by those undie manufacturers whose motto is: "What nature's forgotten, we fix with cotton"—or wire stays, as the case may be.

What if the big lift is sometimes revealed as the small sag? The conditions are usually such that most men willingly pay the price of disillusionment. And with the medical profession coming out for bigness with bust operations, some times it doesn't have to be paid at all.

This stress on bigness in sex has been extended by the psychology of our times in some pretty fantastic—if undeniably Freudian—directions. The phallic symbol and the mammalian symbol, in all their bigness, abound in our society. Motivational research, having discovered every man's secret desire to be too big for his britches and every woman's dream of out-Lollo-ing Gina, has flooded the market with products designed to subliminally appeal to these ambitions.

Thus the male market is appealed to with king-size cigarettes, giant-size cans of aerated shaving cream, large-economy quart bottles of beer and liquor—all phallically designed and bigger than ever. Convertibles are equated with mistresses by the hucksters and accordingly equipped with outsize, protruding headlights. Hunting guns are featuring longer barrels and larger stocks than ever before.

In the distaff marketplace, all sorts of food, drug and cosmetic packaging has been revamped to conform to the mammarian shape. Pictures of the latest in modern furniture featured in homemaking magazines show an all-out trend towards chairs shaped like halves of gigantic bra-slings. Vacuum cleaners are rounder and fatter than ever before. Even architecture has felt the effects, with modern houses being designed to accent the large bulge of twin picture-windows, for all the world like peek-a-boo bras made for Amazons.

In another context, the unconscious preoccupation with massive sexuality is reflected in the symbolism of our offensive and defensive armaments. We boast the largest missiles —of a shape which speaks for itself —and we crow that we have more of 'em than anybody else. We have the biggest nuclear-powered subs—and the shape is similar. Of a different shape is the above-ground appearance of our fallout shelters; they're decidedly feminine, with that old mammarian curve, as they should be to appeal with women who by nature are more concerned with safety than aggressive power.

But the main thing about the missiles, the subs, the fallout shelters is that they're BIG. As in other areas of our life, they reflect the American cult of BIGNESS. Even our humor today reflects it; Gleason's Big John story is by no means an isolated instance; the humor fad sweeping the country today is the elephant joke.

Why does an elephant wear green sneakers?

To hide in the grass!

Why are there wrinkles on the elephant's knees?

From playing marbles!

How could they tell the elephant had been in the refrigerator?

From the footprints in the cheesecake!

And how did they know the elephant was in the bathtub?

They could smell the peanuts on his breath—that's how!

That will give you some idea of the elephant joke. But nonsensical as it is, it points up two factors. The first is the national obsession with bigness as mirrored by our humor. The second is the unconscious desire to shrink the big picture, as represented by the elephant, by reducing it to absurdity.

Prior to the elephant jokes, bigness was depicted in humor by gags about Texas and Texans. There was the Texan who presented his Alma Mater with the state of Rhode Island for a football field. There was the Texan who bought a boy for his dog. There was the Texan who went with a friend to buy a Cadillac and insisted on paying for it because the other fellow had picked up the tab for lunch. And there was the eight-foot tall Texan who was thrown out of his home town because they didn't allow midgets there.

For a long time Texas symbolized big men, big land and big money in this country, and for good reason. It's the largest state in the Union — greater in area than the country of France. More than any other area in the United States, it epitomizes our historical concern with geographical size.

Growth—"manifest destiny," those responsible for extending the boundaries of our country called it—was the primary aim of this land during the first 100 years of its existence. We pushed our borders to our limits and then there was no place else to expand. The need and the opportunity to become still bigger were gone, but the desire remained. So, unable to expand outwardly, the desire was partially satisfied by an upward expansion.

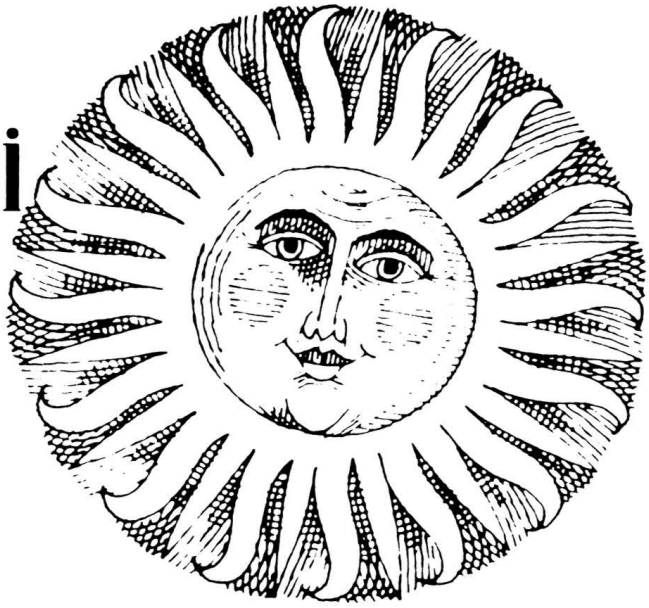
Thus geography went up in a BIG way. It started with skyscrapers. Next came huge bridges and mammoth dams. Monuments soared skyward and cities competed to build the biggest office buildings, hotels, stadiums.

New York grabbed the lead with the Empire State Building, and held onto it with the Radio City Music Hall—for a long time the largest theatre in the world. Today there's a larger one in—of all places—Tasmania, but the Music Hall still entitles New York to boast big, because it has the largest Men's Room of any theatre in the world.

That Men's Room might stand as the proof of how the idea of geographical bigness, converted to architectural bigness, is straining towards the absurd. Such things as the "biggest Roller Coaster in the

(Cont. on p. 80)

Year 'Round in Miami



The famous winter playground is just home to lovely Miamian Tabbi Stevens, and here you'll find this sweetheart's heart.



The inside scoop on Miamians is—they enjoy being indoors as much as cavorting out in the sunshine.





Like most who live and work in Miami, Tabbi loves the time she can relax in her apartment.

See next page

Living in a paradise and at the same time being able to enjoy all the comforts of modern living has made this lovely dream girl's dream come true.



A receptionist in a sales office, Tabbi finds she is often pooped after a day's work. Yet, just knowing the sun and beach are available when she wants them evens this Stevens' disposition.



Vacationers from up North will knock themselves out getting burned to a crisp, but not native Miamians. Unworried about missing any sun, Tabbi keeps a fabulously creamy complexion.





How I Made a Million Dollars In Just One Hour Flat

BY KEVIN JAMES

"The public wasn't aware that I knew all the angles in building flimsy houses – nor did it realize how much savvy I quickly acquired in making well-built dames."

SATIRE



LATELY a lot of people have been asking me how I got to be a bigshot millionaire builder—me, a big, slab-faced ex-pug who never got as far as the ninth grade. Actually, they haven't been asking *me;* they've been asking one another. Like the other night at an Easthampton party, I happened to overhear this couple on the darkened veranda when I went out for a breath of air.

The guy was one of the hot young junior execs from my office, the gal was somebody else's wife, naturally. She said, "How can such a crude, ignorant jerk like Joe Kovac get where he is while such a nice, handsome, virile young man like you has to work for him?" And he answered, "Usually a Neanderthal like that has to marry the boss' daughter. But in Joe's case—" And then they both laughed.

Two things came out of that little incident. I fired the hotshot young exec—after I looked up "Neanderthal," and I decided to tell how I got to where I am today. It won't serve as a guide to any hotshot young execs, but maybe it will help some other crude, ignorant jerk become a millionaire like me. Okay, listen to this:

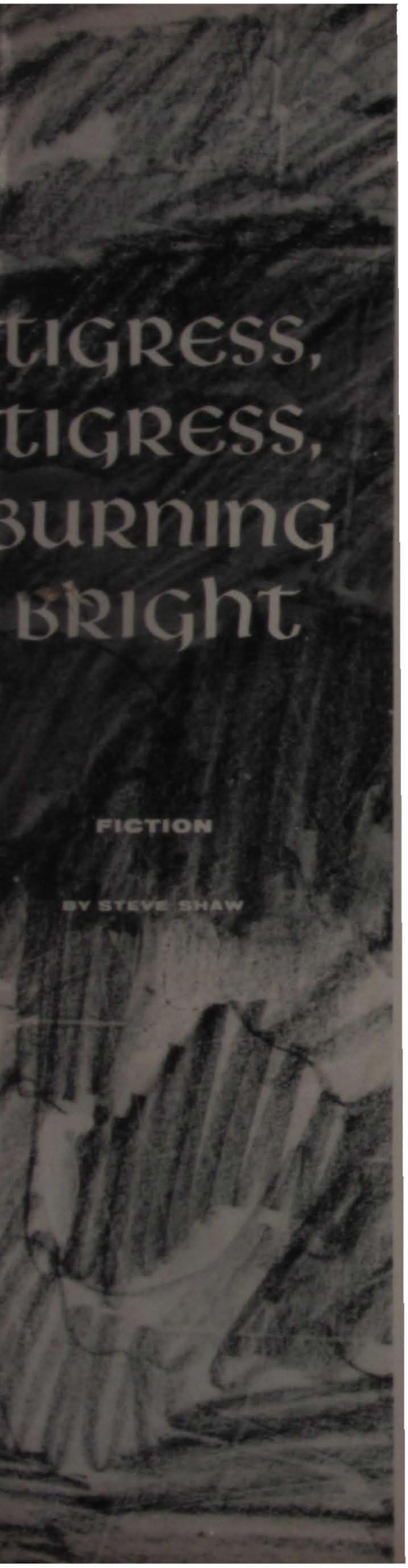
It all started, a few years ago, with a nasty crack. A crack in the plaster I was trowelling in one of Mike Skurtzoff's low-cost houses in Skurtzofftown, Long Island. If you can imagine a housing project so big they call it a whole town and even name it after the builder, you can understand how Mike Skurtzoff and me can get to be millionaires. Except that Mike knew his way around a conference table. Real shrewd.

On this day I'm talking about, he paid a surprise visit to the project where a bunch of us were finishing up the last of the houses. And on this day I was just about fed up with the job. A couple months earlier I had busted my right hand on the jaw of a ranking heavyweight. When the docs said my fighting days were finished with, I had to go back to the only other job I knew—plastering, which I'd learned in reform school. I wasn't so good at it, if you must know, so I had to take a lot of crud from the straw boss. This particular morning, when he spotted a slight gap in the wall I was working on, he said, real nasty-like, "One more crack like that and you're fired!"

I didn't mind the bawling out so much—it was that lousy joke he made, the oldest joke in the plastering business. And like I said, I was fed up. So I picked up the slob and threw him through the wall. I mean right through.

He landed in the next room, where old Mike Skurtzoff was inspecting. Mike looked from the straw boss, laid out cold, through the wall to me. He said, "Son, you shouldn't of thrown that man through the wall. You want people to find out how flimsy our construction is? It could cause a scandal." *(Cont. on p. 70)*





An adventurer shouldn't count his trophies too soon—especially if the game's a wild native beauty.

THIS STORY may save my life. I wrote it in secret and I'm sending it to civilization by a jungle runner who risks his own life to deliver it. Where it will wind up, I do not know. I only ask that whoever finds it ultimately, shall cause it to be printed. Somewhere. Anywhere. And may some among those of you who read it be brave! And strong, man, *strong!*

The beginning: A routine flight in my old Norseman single-engine taxi that I used to fly from Calcutta to Shillong, capital of Assam Province. It's the most remote part of India—right next to China—and I got a lot of money for being the only American-run air taxi service to the place. My cargo, as usual, was a mixture of soft drinks, machinery parts, sewing kits, pen knives and so forth—all for the half-wild tribes that live among the hills of Assam.

Everything went just great for most of the way: 270 miles up the Ganges from Dum Dum, across Pakistan and into Assam. Then the jungle vanished and the pine-covered Khasi hills appeared. I would be landing any minute, now.

And land I did—but not at my destination, Shillong. Instead, a thunderstorm blew up out of nowhere (it's *always* out of nowhere) and the next thing I knew, I was knocking down pine trees with the Norseman. When all forward motion stopped, I was fifty or more miles from Shillong, my leg was broken and my airplane completely wrecked. I made a splint for the leg and started to hobble.

I was out of my head when the Synteng tribesmen found me and took me to their village. The Syntengs are one of the many tribes that inhabit the hills of Assam. Their village was small, neat and clean. By the time my leg was healed, I was in no hurry to leave this Garden of Eden. Putting off my hour of departure, I took to wandering about the forest that surrounded the village. On one of these little treks I ventured up a creek that wound out of a remote defile visited rarely by the villager.

As I knelt beside the water to drink, I heard the sound of a wild beast splashing a few yards downstream. Spreading the vegetation, I looked upon a sight that millions of GIs dreamed about during the war—during every war: a sight that I had dreamed about but never thought I'd see.

It was a native girl at her bath. But what a girl! She was about sixteen, but perfectly formed. The Syntengs are Oriental, not Indian; thus this girl had an exotic look that made her seem even more lovely. As it happens, the Synteng women wear little clothing to *(Cont. on next page)*

Tigress, Tigress, Burning Bright

begin with; it took this fair creature just ten seconds to get rid of it. Then I watched as she performed her bathing ritual, feeling like a peeping Tom, but unable to tear myself away.

When she was finished, I expected her to don her flimsy little G-string again and take off for the village. But, no—as she was to prove, this particular girl never did anything expected of her. Now she took a half dozen quick strides forward—and then I was gazing into her dark eyes from a yard distant.

What happened then was simply a continuation of the impossible dream. The girl (the closer she came, the more beautiful she seemed) stood before me, unashamed, every classic line of her body expressing at once innocence, invitation, desire and defiance. And, of all wonders, she spoke English.

"I have been to the mission school in Shillong," she began. "My name is Tee-Nah and I am the daughter of the Chief. I have watched you for many days; I saw you come into the forest. I knew you were here."

"You knew I was here, yet you took your bath?" I asked.

"Yes," said Tee-Nah. "We must be friends, so we need not hide from each other. Now—let us make love."

That's what she said. This was no street walker, understand—not that they had any streets. This was the Chief's daughter, clean and wholesome. And she wanted to make love. I was a little unsure of my ground, at first, thanks to the initial shock. But then Tee-Nah, by word and gesture, left no doubt in my mind as to what she wanted. And when there was no longer any doubt—Well, let's just say I showed her the advantages of an international education.

As for Tee-Nah, she had fooled me completely. She may once have been innocent, but that condition was now only a vagrant memory. She knew a few things that would have brought a high price in places like Suez, Macao and Singapore. I envied whomever she had learned them from.

It had been mid-afternoon when Tee-Nah and I met; now the quick tropical dusk was falling. Not a moment of the time had been wasted. I suggested to my new-found friend that it was time to start for home. She looked up at my 220 pounds of raw, red-blooded American muscle and shook her head sadly. "You are right," she said, "it is time."

As we strolled toward the village, hand in hand, I felt a gnawing fear within me that drove out the fatigue. Had I unknowingly broken some rule? Had I defied some tribal custom that would make me a member of the Syntengs? Was I now committed to this place — delightful though it was—from now on? It is that way with many a race or tribe in other parts of Asia, Africa and the islands of the world.

I asked Tee-Nah. She said, airily, "Oh, no. Nothing so simple as this can make people be married. You would have to break the Great Law of the tribe in order to be my husband. Unless this happens, let us make of life the most!" She would not discuss the Great Law.

It didn't matter. In another week, I would take off on foot for Shillong, a week away. But, meanwhile, as Tee-Nah suggested, why not make of life the most?

Tee-Nah's interpretation of "most" was somewhat different from mine. Here was hers: When we returned to the village, she steered me right into the small hut that I had been using during my stay; it was next to the Chief's place, beyond which was Tee-Nah's smaller hovel. By now, no one was about; there was little to be feared.

She didn't waste time. Off came that flimsy little garment. I enrolled in night school. Enrolled in the hay, to coin a phrase.

When morning came, I staggered weakly to my feet. Tee-Nah leaped to hers. Nature's imbalance, at a time like this, bemused me sorely. It just wasn't fair! Migawd, I thought, what if I *couldn't* escape, at that? What if Tee-Nah was only fooling; what if I really had done something to insure my status as a permanent resident in this village?

I went to the Chief himself. Was he, I asked, in effect, to be my father-in-law? Against my wishes, that is. Not that I could have wished for a better one, of course. But—

But no, the old man was a brick. He told me that I was free to leave at any time—unless, naturally, I wanted to stay. As for Tee-Nah, he assured me that he would be overjoyed to have me for a son-in-law!

I thanked him profusely. I was safe. I was also a very virile, strong and energetic young man. Not oversexed, please—I just liked the pleasure of female company. For all of which, I gave thanks. The old urge had come upon me, again. Where was Tee-Nah?

Just a dozen feet away, where *else?* Her beckoning finger led me once again to our little bower in the pines, and I followed like a lamb to slaughter. And again there was no satisfying her. This dear little bundle of charms was—how else can I put it?—an animal! A kitten, first, purring with delight and anxiety to please. Then she became a sleek, hungry, sinuous cat, her lithe body threshing in ecstasy as she was stroked and fondled.

And finally, a ravening tigress, she was — rending and tearing, unsheathing her claws and baring her teeth! It was all I could do to tame her. Yet, I was able to do so. For the first night, and the second, third and fourth.

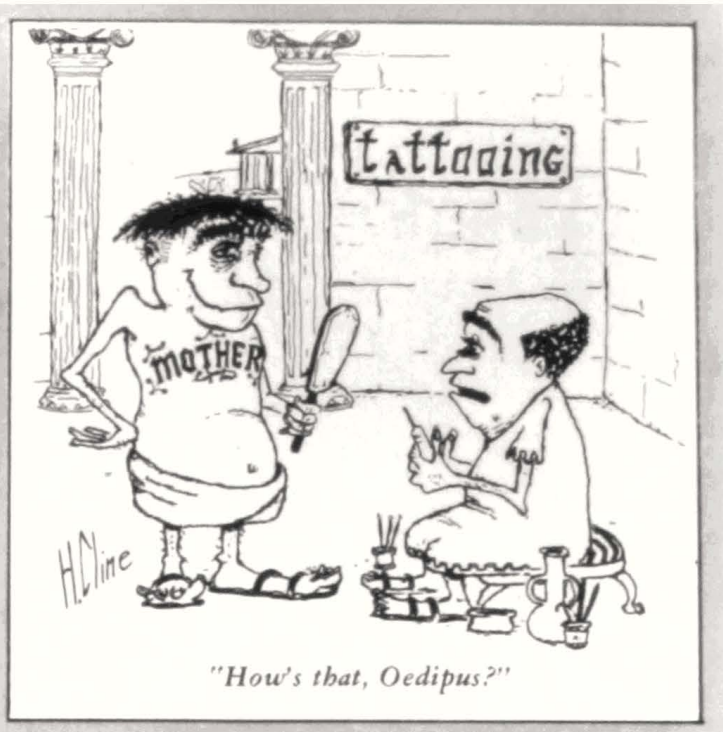
For a week, in fact. This was an accomplishment, as I discovered later, that had aroused the envy of the entire tribe! Oh, yes, our little affair was the talk of the hills by now. Wagers were made — not on whether I would last, or not — but on how long! But, as I say, I found out about this, later on.

By the seventh day, I had it. What had begun as the most delectable kind of supreme pleasure, had degenerated into pure torture. Nothing I could do was enough to keep that insatiable little monster quiet for more than a few minutes at a time!

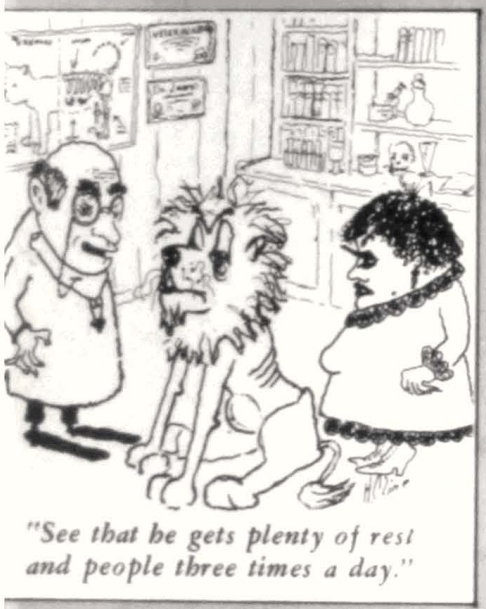
So, at the dawn of the eighth day, I was packed and ready to go. My porters were set, I was weak-kneed but healthy. Once *(Cont. on p. 81)*



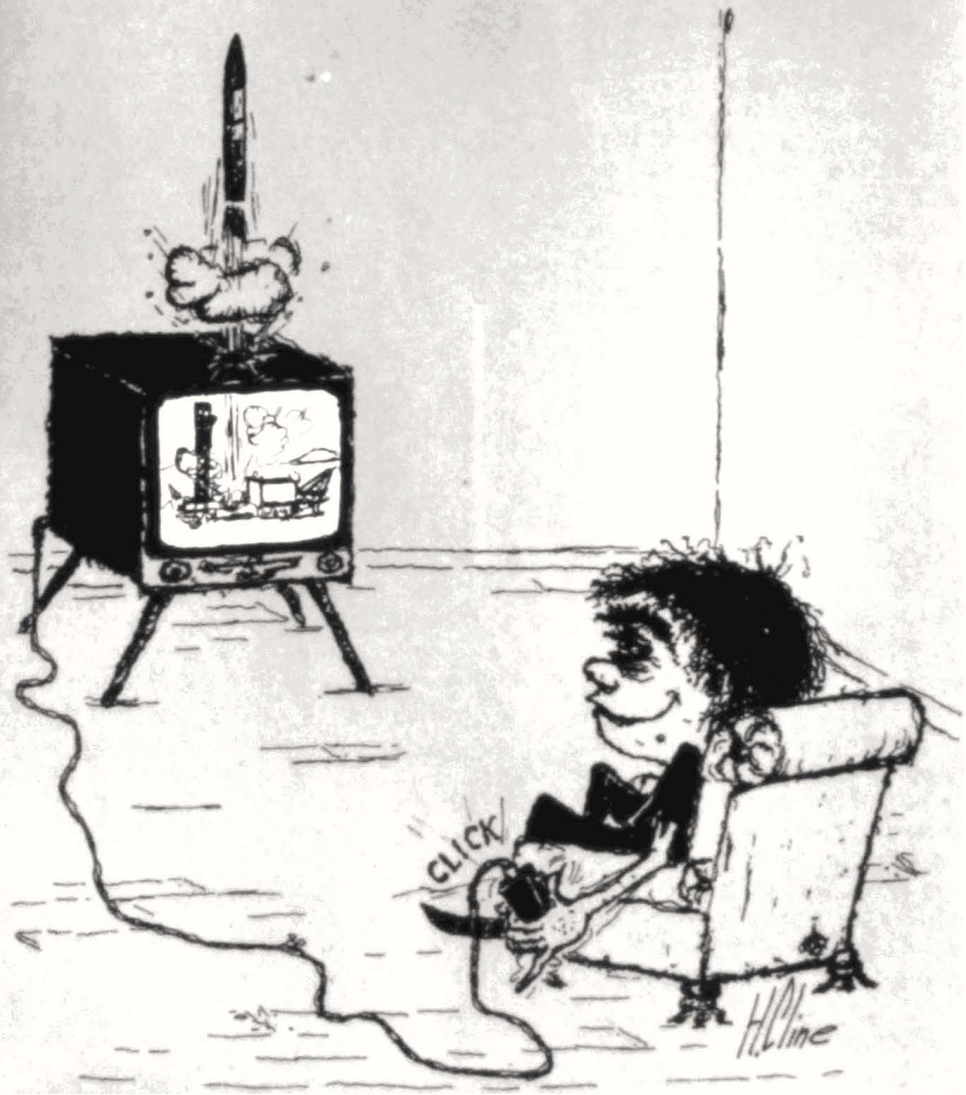
"The wife wants to turn it into a family room."



"How's that, Oedipus?"



"See that he gets plenty of rest and people three times a day."



The Method Of Madness

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD CLINE

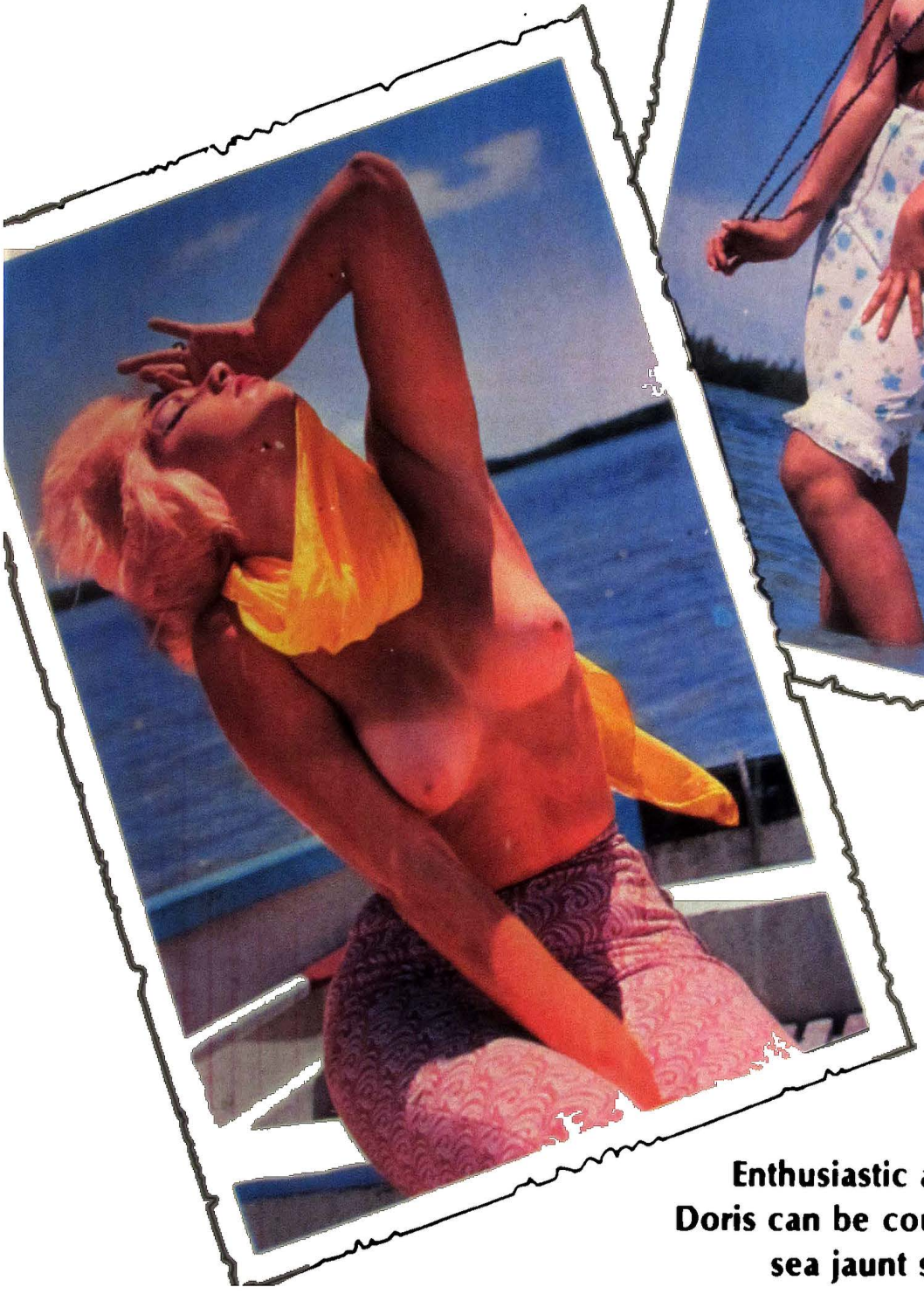
a wallet full

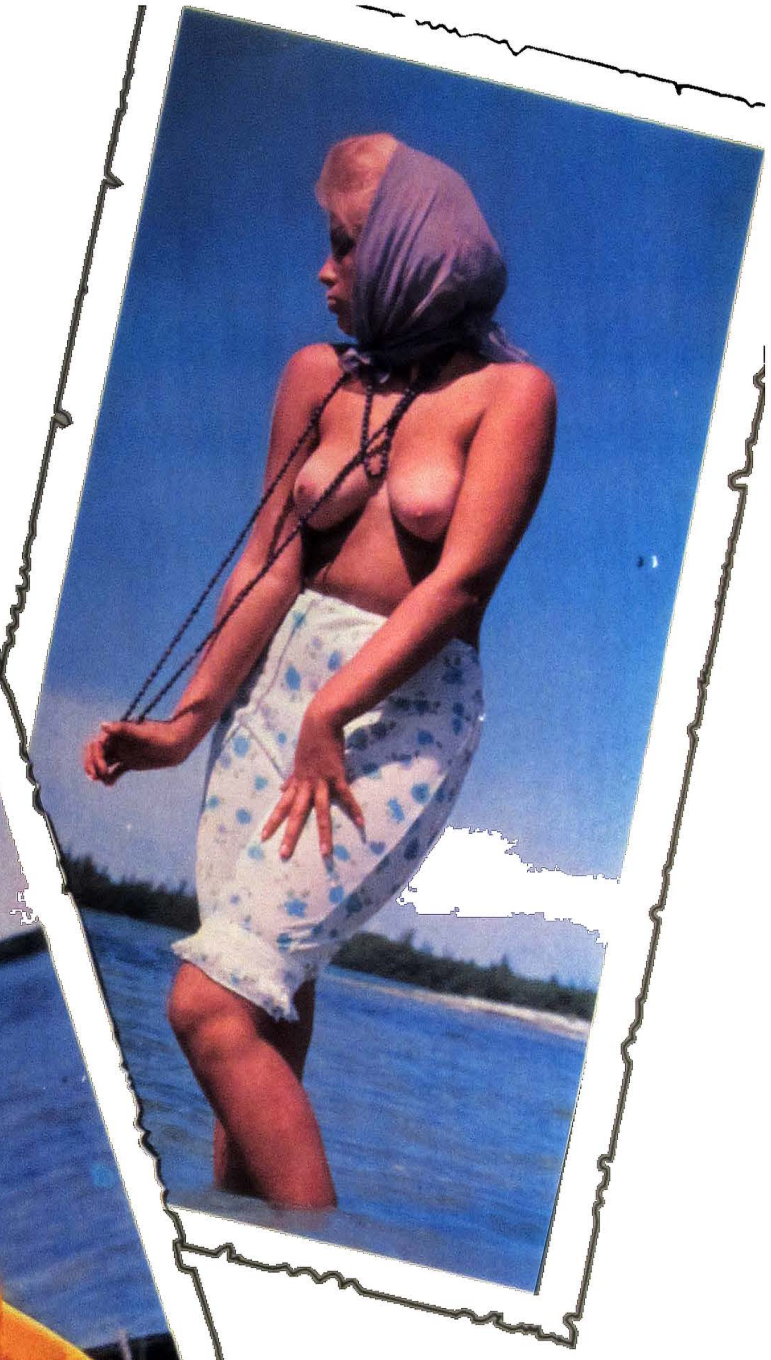


Doris Divine (she's the blonde) and Susan Baxter can put lots of snap into their snapshots.

With mementoes like these around, who could ever forget either of these glamorous lasses?

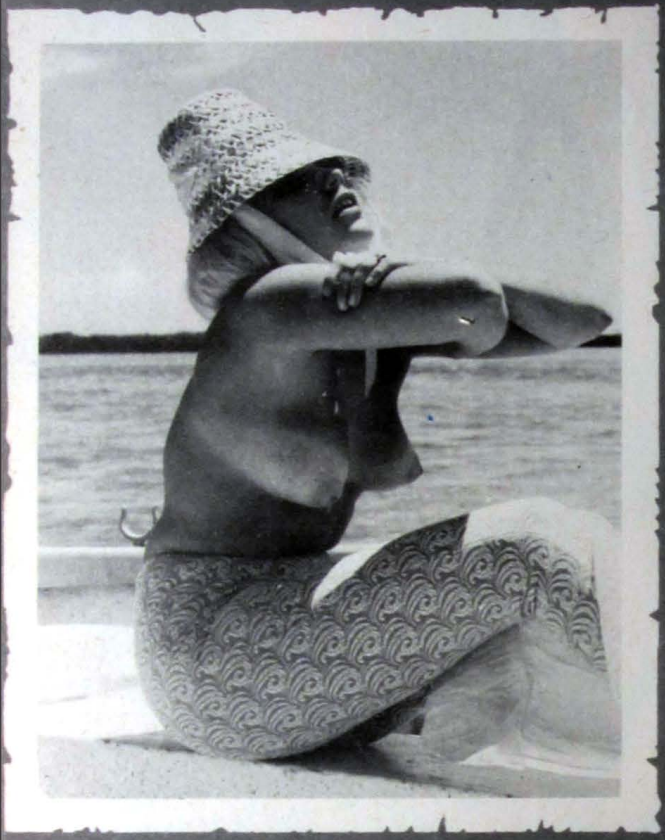
Aside from money, what could better fill a bachelor's wallet than these photos of this issue's two cover girls? It's enough to make any man feel rich!





Enthusiastic about the outdoors, Doris can be counted on to make a sea jaunt sail along smoothly.







Susan loves listening to jazz records, can put a man's head in a whirl while spinning her favorite discs.

Here's a good reason why the most avid seafarer would drop anchor. Nestled in a dinghy that's quietly afloat, Doris dreams sweet dreams and in so doing is a picture of an irresistible dream girl.



There're too many photos to fill any wallet, all too good to scrap. So we thought it time to start a scrapbook.





A warm-hearted beauty like Susan would have no trouble inducing a highly-spirited bachelor to keep the home fires blazing merrily.

HOW THE SIN GIRLS RAIDED THE NUDISTS

The big news about nudist camps is the way play-for-pay girls are recruiting new members—by helping them to check their inhibitions with their clothes.

BY LEW DONALD





THAT night club pallor which used to be the trademark of playboys is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, now that the cafe society cavorters have discovered they can have fun in the sun.

And what fun! Their favorite nesting places these days are, of all things, nudist camps. Columbus' discovery of America and the explorations of Balboa, DeSoto and Lewis and Clark pale into insignificance before the monumental discovery of the playboys that trading in pelts is still the happiest type of business to do outdoors.

No wonder more and more call girls are scurrying to the U.S. nudist colonies these days! Not only have the play-for-pay girls discovered a gold mine behind the 16-foot walls of these outdoor paradises, but so have the camp operators. What could be more logical than letting naturists do what comes naturally?

I first heard about this new craze for sin in the sun from a few of my buddies who had the tans and the smiles to show for their efforts. I wasted no time in accepting their "Why-don't-you-come-along" a few weeks later. Our Destination Dallying turned out to be a New York State spa called Camp Sunbeam (a fictitious name), and before I could ask my pals, "How do I get some action?" I was told: "Just get undressed and be cool. One thing to remember about a call girl up here—don't call her, she'll call you."

Sure enough, as I was sitting in the patio enjoying a drink, I was joined by a knockout of a brunette who wasted no time in telling me her name was June.

I never expected to be rushed off my feet so quickly by anyone so curvaceous—and here she was, speaking to me in the most enchanting voice I'd ever heard. Before long, we were back in my room. "Sweetie," she purred, "when in Rome do as the Romans do . . ."

Before she could finish, I had drawn her passionately toward the bed.

Later as we relaxed, sharing a cigarette, she briefed me on nudist colonies and call girls like her who work them because they're so safe.

I learned that June had grown up in California where she worked as a secretary in several Hollywood studios. But the truth was that she was employed more for personal services, showing *(Cont. p. 30)*





Although a number of camps are still operated under strict regulations, the U.S. is witnessing the emergence of a new cluster of colonies where, from coast to coast, there's only one rule for all members—anything goes.





How the Sin Girls Raided the Nudists

lonely, out-of-town guys a good time.

Then Ed Murrow spoiled everything with his documentary on the use of call girls.

Things got too hot. June was dropped from the studio contract. She rented an apartment with another gal who had been working the nudist colony circuit quite lucratively—with no trouble from the law. It was worth a try, and after a few months June decided it was her niche.

"It's the only natural way left for us girls to work any more. Cheap amateur chippies get caught . . . then the bluenosers turn on the heat," she told me. "Why I don't even have to be afraid to solicit openly, now!"

"But," I asked, "don't you have to be careful of the management?"

Most nudist colonies, June revealed, try to be respectable. Their managers don't hesitate to crack down on a call girl or suspicious-acting couple. But there are other colonies . . . the safe places . . . where call girls and thrill seeking guys are making whoopee. However, even in a respectable colony, June said, it's easy to make a pickup and then carry out the other end of the bargain in a hotel or motel downtown. If a John's brave enough, he can arrive alone and register as married, claiming that his spouse will come later. Then he can go out, make a pickup and have fun.

When a respectable colony is located near a town so small that its police force is powerless to enforce the laws, call girls don't have to worry about plying their trade. If the management complains, the girls usually leave peacefully. If the complaint is more vigorous than usual, a call girl can get off the hook by slipping the police money.

Yet, an exception occurred at one colony in June, 1959, in New York, when a shoe salesman and his wife registered along with another couple, with the intention of swapping partners. They were noisy, and their little spree made newspaper headlines. Local cops were summoned to investigate, and raided the party. A newspaper reporter and photographer also raided, with flashing camera. The result—legal trouble and plenty of spicy photos. But far worse, it brought about stricter rules for nudist colonies in New York and other states.

Respectable colonies which had previously permitted teenagers and service men, now refused them. Camps which had previously permitted divorced men and women, widowers and widows, now refused them admission. Many colonies took applications from their state only, and then only after a searching character investigation. Newspaper reporters and photographers couldn't enter the grounds, unless they were registered naturists.

However, the "safe places" had an idea or two of their own. Some went out of their way to protect their guests from interference. A colony on Rio Bay, Rio De Janeiro, on September 23, 1960, wouldn't even allow the Brazilian Census Bureau to enter the grounds—I know, I was there. Their naked defiance was backed up by an imposing force — 14 police dogs, trained to attack anyone wearing clothes. After the boss of the colonly refused to admit the census takers, she sent a naked teenager to tell them that "not even the country's president would be allowed." The colony is headed and managed by former stripteaser, Luz Del Fuego (firelight).

At Camp Sunbeam a large board was installed near the entrance to the community-dining room, June told me. The board contained colored pegs which designated single and married persons. When a bachelor entered, the maitre d' quickly gandered the board, selected a table where a single girl was seated, and the two were paired. The management operated on the premise that one shouldn't court trouble until it troubled them. And it closed both eyes to such things as a single man being in a single girl's cabin. After all most guests were well-behaved.

"Does the board still exist?" I asked June.

"Yeah. Want to see it?"

"Sure," I replied.

We entered a small dining room and found a table. There were several single girls of varying ages sitting alone. Empty tables were to be had. I noticed also that one or two of the girls were teenagers. This struck me as odd after what June had told me.

"I thought teenagers weren't allowed."

"Now they are. But it took a while to happen."

I listened intently and observed keenly as June became my guide. "Now watch what happens to him," she instructed, referring to a young man, about 25.

The maitre d' greeted him and turned toward the cashier, who raised one hand, indicating a table where a single girl was sitting. The two quickly became a couple.

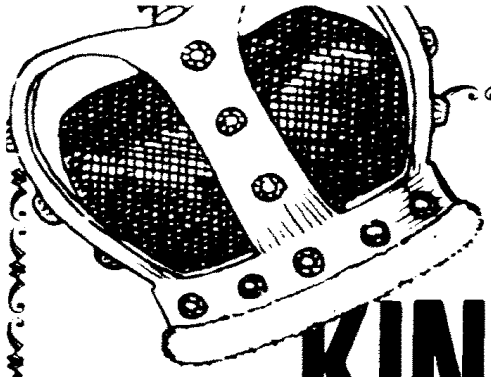
I asked June if the single girls who came there for a little fun ever give her any serious competition.

I was surpised to learn it wasn't much of a problem. The single girls *do* throw their assets around. Teenagers are the sportiest (some are genuine nymphos who give it away in carload lots). With such competition, no call girls is safe. Who's going to pay, when he can get it for free? Regardless of how old the gent, if the gal's good-looking and combustible stuff, he isn't going to give a damn how young she is.

But the girls don't stay long. Their competition is only temporary. Many have jobs or school to return to, and they only come weekends or special holidays. The sporting guys more than make up for the weekend or holiday losses, June told me. Guys are different. If they know the score on a "safe place," they'll come in groups anytime during the year.

"That's when we girls wiggle into their midst and start throwing *our* assets around!" beamed June. Her joy changed instantly to one of perplexity. "But it's those college initiations that lose us the real money. The kids will take their clothes off every time. And that's only the beginning!"

She told me about an initiation the previous year, which lasted from October 17 to October 18. It involved 50 couples from a large *(Cont. p. 69)*



Without peeking at the answer below, see if you can't identify this man, one of history's greatest . . .

KINGS OF BACHELORDOM

BY RAOUL HENRY

HE WAS first in war, first in peace, and tops in bed with his mistresses! This man, more than anyone else in history, filled the main requirement that women desire in their men—he was a leader extraordinary, and he was fawned over and exalted by the nation he led. Eventually he became a ruler and his name was indelibly inscribed in history.

He began his career at the age of ten when he was sent to French military schools at Brienne and Paris. He was quite short in stature, but this didn't prevent him, even at that barely-ripe age, from cutting classes and cutting up in the Parisian play-for-pay palaces with his fellow soldiers. One little-known story about him concerns his first foray into a Left Bank pleasure house with a group of three friends. They had been walking past when the madam jokingly called to them and invited them in. They boldly accepted but, it is reported, only our bachelor king was able to stop trembling long enough to consummate anything of value. The prostitute later remarked: "That little man is going to be a very big man someday."

Her words were prophetic, for while his physical stature remained stunted, his stature in all other respects skyrocketed. By the time he was twenty-eight he had compiled an impressive record. He had won popular and official recognition for his part in dislodging the British from Toulon. He had dispersed a mob of angry insurgents with "a whiff of grapeshot," a whiff which killed over a hundred men. This led to more fame and eventually to being named commander in chief of the Army. He had married one of the most famous French courtesans of all time, and the scandal had rocked the nation. Then he had left for the war, carrying on a passionate correspondence with her that has produced such classics in the annals of love letters as "when the sun shall stop moving across the sky, and the moon shall stop, and the stars shall cease, and the world go black with deadness, only then, my darling, will my love for you—my aching, overwhelming love—wither and die. And" he goes on dramatically, "I wouldn't even want to commit myself on the likelihood of that."

One mistress was the great Italian opera singer, Guiseppina Grassini, whom he met when she came to give him a private serenade. When it was over, he asked the small audience, except for his adjutant, to leave the room. Then he offered Guiseppina some champagne, and in doing so he spilled a few drops onto her low-cut bodice. He dabbed at it with a lace handkerchief. The singer blushed and smiled, and pressed his hand against the uncovered portion of her bosom. At this point he dismissed his adjutant and, as the adjutant wrote later, "Towards dawn I was summoned to see the lady home. She was wearing, I noticed, a different dress."

It was wise to send her home, for our bachelor king had other commitments—a wife to write to, a war to win, and two more mistresses to handle. Often, according to reliable sources —he entertained them in bed at the very same time! Who was this lady killer who also shook up the world?

(Napoleon Bonaparte, France's greatest hero. His wives were Josephine and Marie Louise, his mistresses too legion to name.)

ASTROLOGY FORECAST FOR LEAP YEAR AND YOU

Here's an expert's look at the signs of the times, and on hand here, helping to provide a brighter view of things, are 12 heavenly-looking visions.



Sprightly Aquarians like Janine Reed will prove welcome sprites on dates.

Born under Pisces, the Fish, Laura Lang will be in swim of an active party season.





According to stars males will take a shine to Capricornians like Dody Lee.



Jane Ward (Aries, the Ram) should crash movies with no ifs or butts.

Who needs stars to see men rating Gina Lawson (Taurus), l., and Ann Lowe (Gemini) as out of this world?







Lovely Cancerian Trina Mathews may finally make it on Broadway as a new musical find in '64.

IF THE STARS have it, the year 1964 figures to be one of the happiest and most prosperous to come along in many a moon. The conditions for peace will be stronger than ever before; the stock markets will rise; there will be fewer jobless; and in general, more people all over the world will begin to partake of the miraculous scientific and industrial advances that have highlighted the 1960s.

However, persons born under each of the individual signs of the zodiac, while generally expected to partake of the coming good times, will be affected differently by the planets. Thus, with the help of Dr. Otis W. Gunderson, the noted astrologist, the editors have prepared a forecast of what readers born under the twelve different signs of the zodiac might look *(Cont. on p. 35)*



Homebody Lisa Lasalle (Leo) is tops for men eager to make their house a home.



This is the year Marie Penn (Virgo) will take a long vacation, traveling in Europe.

Cynthia Irving (Scorpio) is slated to meet a man who will probably change her life.

This year the planet Venus favors Libran Diane Walls, who looks as if she won't need much help.



Life of party, Sagittarian Sandra Evans, (r.) will put lots of bounce into Leap Year.





forward to as they leap ahead into the Leap Year.

For CAPRICORNS (born Dec. 22 through Jan. 20), 1964 holds a high romance potential through October and then lapses into a danger period. With the Sun slipping in and out of the Tenth House throughout winter and spring, the planets bode maximum success for bachelors born under the sign of the Goat. The influence of Venus will be strong during this time, and it is only on those days when Saturn is in the ascendant that the CAPRICORN male should beware of the potency of his own desires.

Be especially careful on March 18th. Venus may seem willing, but is actually weak on this day. There will be a Full Moon, but don't let it fool you. *(Cont. on p. 68)*

THE DEVIL RIDES

When boy meets girl (with both of them aflame by passion) strange things can happen in a situation too public to act normally.

FICTION

BY WILLIAM O'HARA



THE D TRAIN

EVERY HUMAN BEING, male and female, comes equipped with a built-in camel's back neatly notched for the placement of the final straw. All the straws leading up to it may be placed by circumstance, or people, or even one's own psyche, but the final one is almost always placed by the Devil himself. This is why His Satanic Majesty often rides the "D" train during the morning rush-hour.

It is especially in the summer that Lucifer finds this quite the most excellent time and place to deposit that last straw. Nobody who has ever ridden the "D" train through a sticky-hot rush hour will doubt this. Frequent riders will have seen proof of it with their own eyes many times.

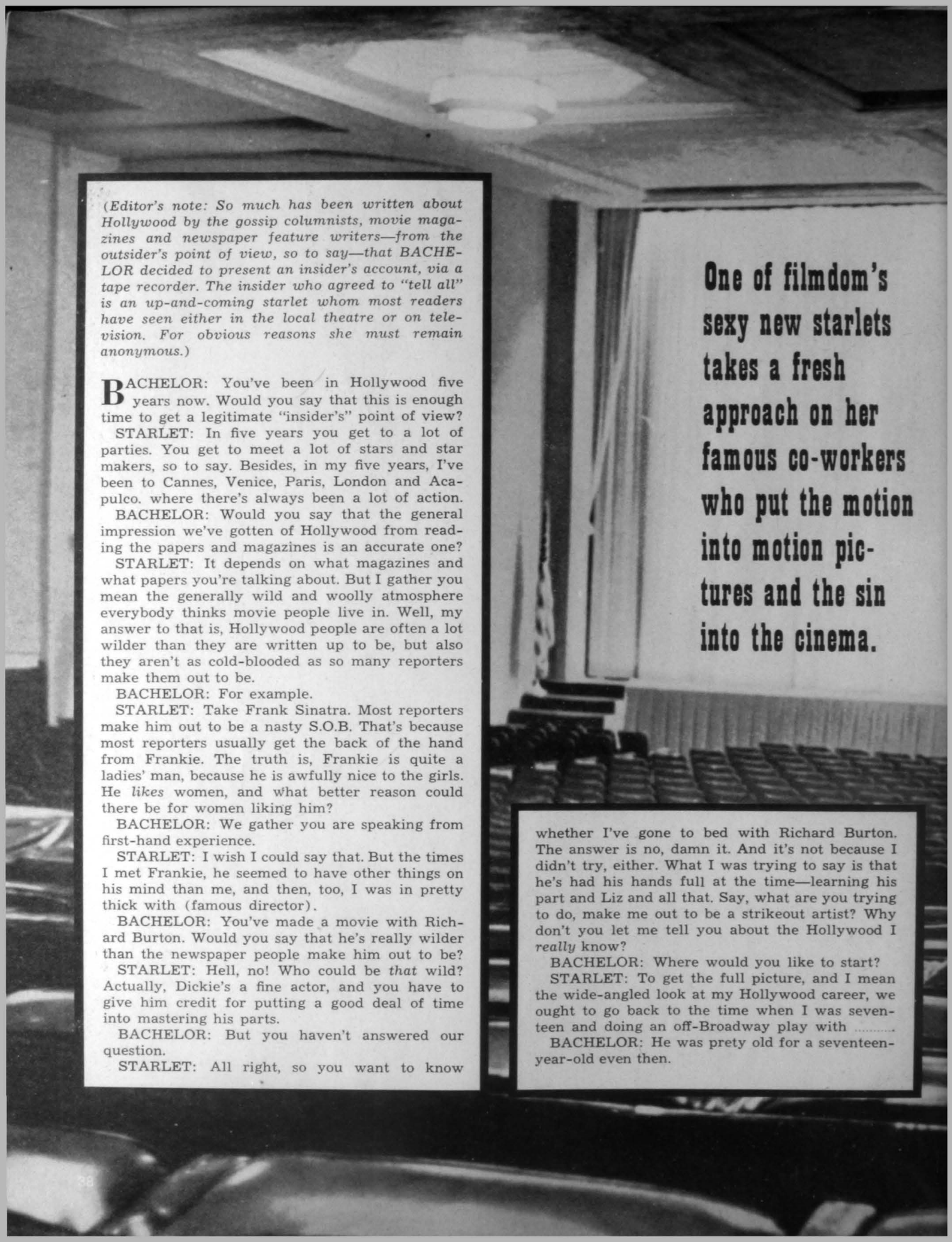
The usually ignored elbow in the ribs is be-Deviled into a last straw, causing its recipient to change from a mild-mannered Bronx accountant into an incoherently screaming people-hater with paranoiac delusions of persecution and revenge. A secretary doing a crossword puzzle will be unable to think of a three-letter word for "bitter vetch" and will suddenly stab the person next to her with her pencil. A Columbia law student will race a little old lady for a seat and if he loses, will deliberately grind his heel into her instep. All these are common enough occurrences, all with the grinning Devil's stamp on them, all last straws, piercing the veneer of civilization and releasing the savagery of man toward fellow man.

It's easy to see why the Devil finds the rush-hour "D" train the most fertile of soils in which to plant his last straws. And so he was riding it the morning Sheila Dannon boarded it at Kingsbridge Road and Jerry Booth moved in and stood next to her at the Fordham Road station. Both of these young people were already loaded with the straws of life; both, this particular morning, were primed, so to speak, for the placement of the back-busting one.

Jerry, his lips pursed upwards like a guppy in search of air-bubbles, his glands already soggying up his freshly-laundered shirt with perspiration, was brooding. He'd been brooding ever since he woke up that morning. He'd been brooding over Alma Gruber.

For some time now Alma had been dropping straws on his camel's back and Jerry was beginning to protest under the load. Alma, an ambiguous sexpot from Mosholu Parkway, was driving Jerry batty with a body that consistently undulated "yes-yes," and a gravelly voice cultivated at Walton High School which breathlessly murmured "wait a minute; don't rush a girl; I have to be ready for it; maybe tomorrow . . ." and other phrases belying the warmth of her lips on his and the deliberately provocative pressure of her flesh against his. In short, Alma was a tease who'd been promising Jerry everything for the past six months and delivered everything but.

The night before was a good case-in-point — and darned close to being the final straw itself. Jerry and Alma had been snugly — if somewhat sweatily — ensconced in the back of Jerry's car, which was parked in a dark and deserted copse of woods near Orchid Beach. Things had progressed to the point where Alma's bra was draped over the front seat and Alma's skirt had been tossed *(Cont. on p. 64)*



One of filmdom's sexy new starlets takes a fresh approach on her famous co-workers who put the motion into motion pictures and the sin into the cinema.

(Editor's note: So much has been written about Hollywood by the gossip columnists, movie magazines and newspaper feature writers—from the outsider's point of view, so to say—that BACHELOR decided to present an insider's account, via a tape recorder. The insider who agreed to "tell all" is an up-and-coming starlet whom most readers have seen either in the local theatre or on television. For obvious reasons she must remain anonymous.)

BACHELOR: You've been in Hollywood five years now. Would you say that this is enough time to get a legitimate "insider's" point of view?

STARLET: In five years you get to a lot of parties. You get to meet a lot of stars and star makers, so to say. Besides, in my five years, I've been to Cannes, Venice, Paris, London and Acapulco. where there's always been a lot of action.

BACHELOR: Would you say that the general impression we've gotten of Hollywood from reading the papers and magazines is an accurate one?

STARLET: It depends on what magazines and what papers you're talking about. But I gather you mean the generally wild and woolly atmosphere everybody thinks movie people live in. Well, my answer to that is, Hollywood people are often a lot wilder than they are written up to be, but also they aren't as cold-blooded as so many reporters make them out to be.

BACHELOR: For example.

STARLET: Take Frank Sinatra. Most reporters make him out to be a nasty S.O.B. That's because most reporters usually get the back of the hand from Frankie. The truth is, Frankie is quite a ladies' man, because he is awfully nice to the girls. He *likes* women, and what better reason could there be for women liking him?

BACHELOR: We gather you are speaking from first-hand experience.

STARLET: I wish I could say that. But the times I met Frankie, he seemed to have other things on his mind than me, and then, too, I was in pretty thick with (famous director).

BACHELOR: You've made a movie with Richard Burton. Would you say that he's really wilder than the newspaper people make him out to be?

STARLET: Hell, no! Who could be *that* wild? Actually, Dickie's a fine actor, and you have to give him credit for putting a good deal of time into mastering his parts.

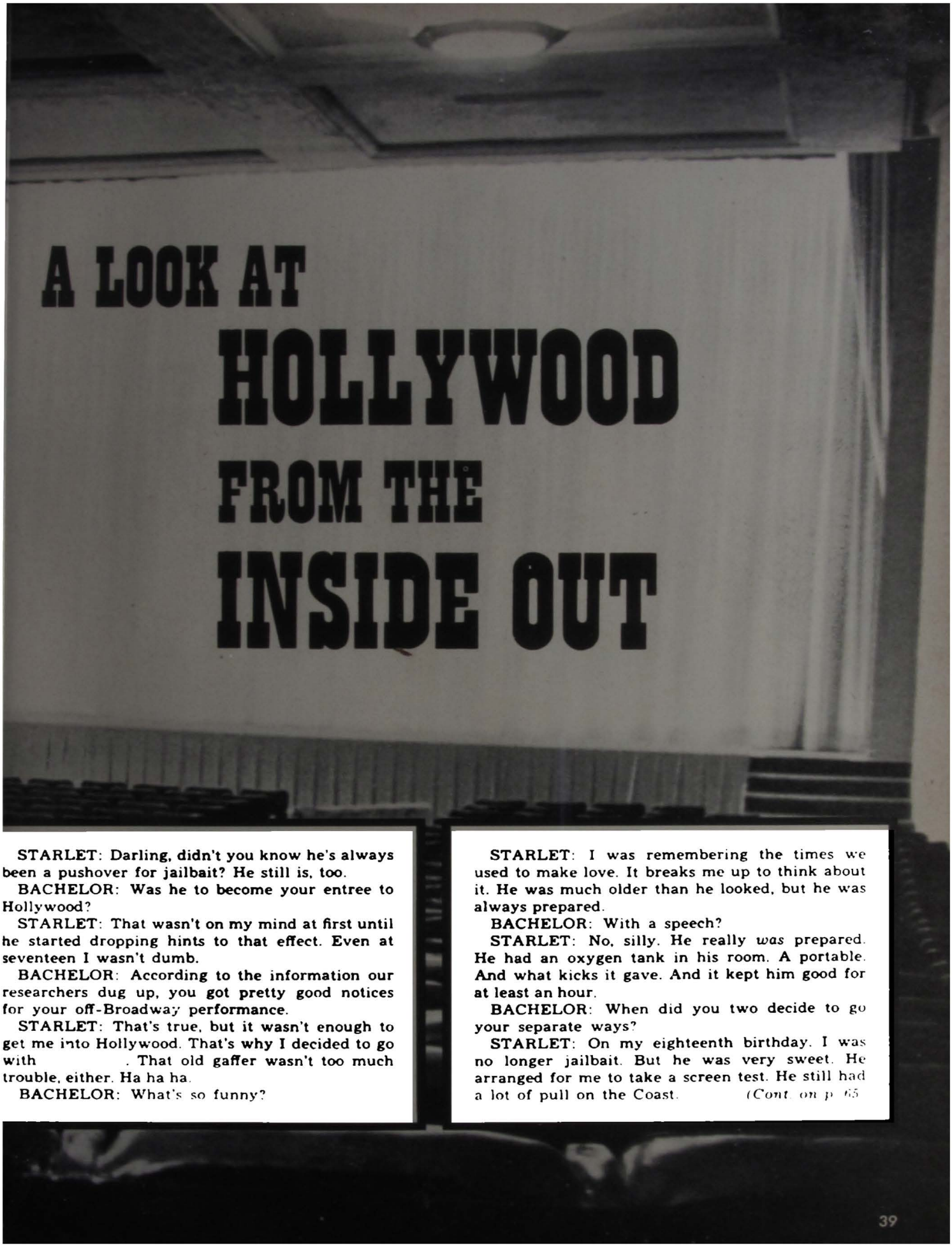
BACHELOR: But you haven't answered our question.

STARLET: All right, so you want to know whether I've gone to bed with Richard Burton. The answer is no, damn it. And it's not because I didn't try, either. What I was trying to say is that he's had his hands full at the time—learning his part and Liz and all that. Say, what are you trying to do, make me out to be a strikeout artist? Why don't you let me tell you about the Hollywood I *really* know?

BACHELOR: Where would you like to start?

STARLET: To get the full picture, and I mean the wide-angled look at my Hollywood career, we ought to go back to the time when I was seventeen and doing an off-Broadway play with

BACHELOR: He was prety old for a seventeen-year-old even then.



A LOOK AT HOLLYWOOD FROM THE INSIDE OUT

STARLET: Darling, didn't you know he's always been a pushover for jailbait? He still is, too.

BACHELOR: Was he to become your entree to Hollywood?

STARLET: That wasn't on my mind at first until he started dropping hints to that effect. Even at seventeen I wasn't dumb.

BACHELOR: According to the information our researchers dug up, you got pretty good notices for your off-Broadway performance.

STARLET: That's true, but it wasn't enough to get me into Hollywood. That's why I decided to go with . That old gaffer wasn't too much trouble, either. Ha ha ha.

BACHELOR: What's so funny?

STARLET: I was remembering the times we used to make love. It breaks me up to think about it. He was much older than he looked, but he was always prepared.

BACHELOR: With a speech?

STARLET: No, silly. He really *was* prepared. He had an oxygen tank in his room. A portable. And what kicks it gave. And it kept him good for at least an hour.

BACHELOR: When did you two decide to go your separate ways?

STARLET: On my eighteenth birthday. I was no longer jailbait. But he was very sweet. He arranged for me to take a screen test. He still had a lot of pull on the Coast. *(Cont. on p. 65*

A HOT WAY TO START





With the temperatures hitting over 90 degrees in Southern California, 1964 couldn't get off to a more blazing beginning. This is the land where it is summer all the time—and luscious Barbara Way of Palm Springs proves herself a cool lass who's more than ready to enjoy a hot time in the old town.





THE NEW YEAR...



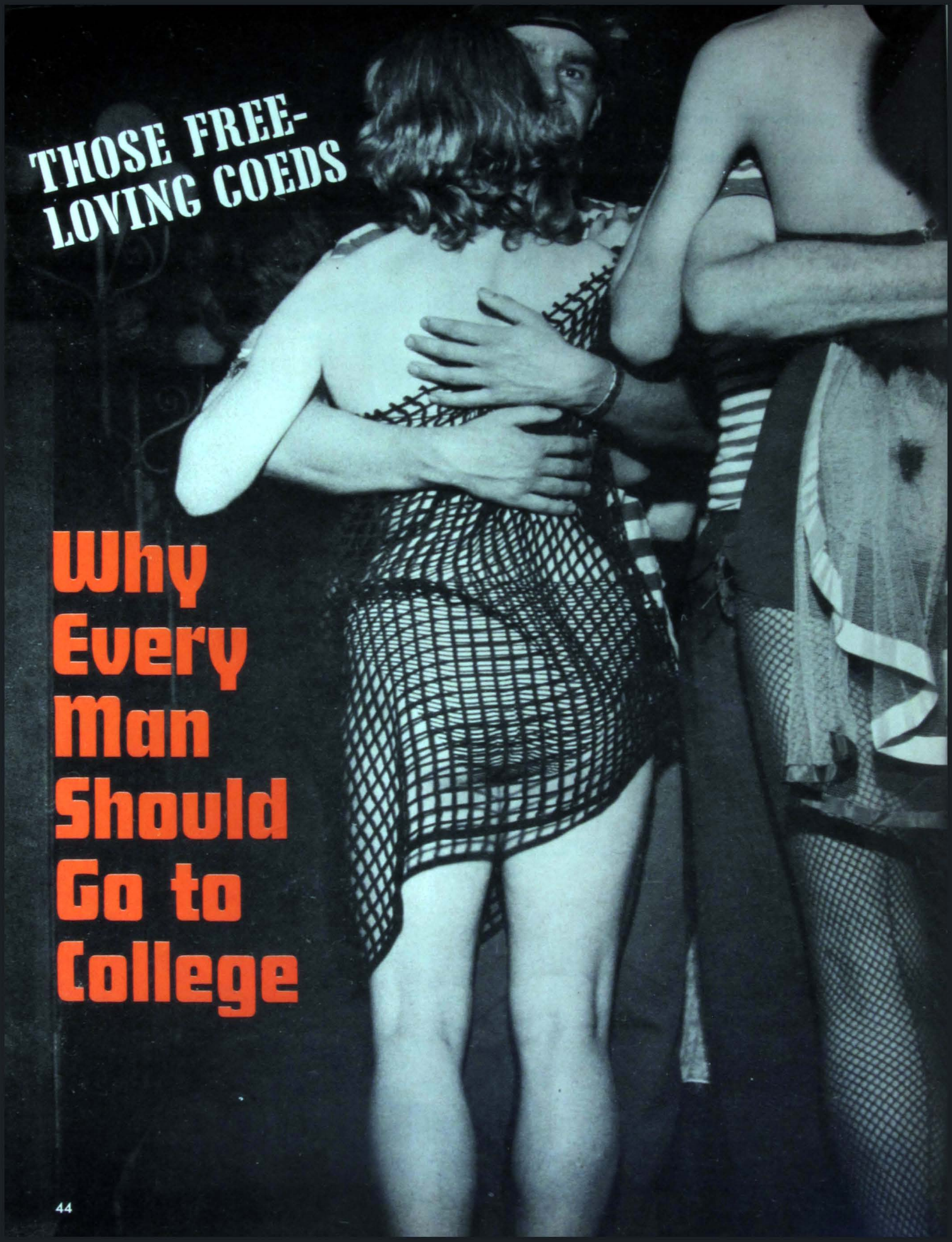




In the land where it's summer all the time, this lissome lass starts off the New Year with a big splash. It's not the sort of pastime most Americans can enjoy, but it's a cinch that most cold climate dwellers would yearn to be frolicking in Barbara Way's way.

Right now it's the height of the party season where old friends get together and new acquaintances are made. However, this eye-filling mermaid demonstrates quite ably—that out in her section of the country—the best way to be in the swim of things is simply to go in swimming.





THOSE FREE-LOVING COEDS

Why Every Man Should Go to College



High-spirited coeds have added a new twist to the old college try—and in the process are turning Joe College into the well-rounded student he has always wanted to be.





BY CLAUDE H. JANNECK

IF YOU'RE a young man with plenty of initiative, zip and get-up-and-go, the place to be right now is in college. Just think of all the advantages. I don't mean the ordinary ones of being exposed to the great minds of science and the arts, learning from brilliant instructors and preparing yourself for a career. The advantages I'm talking about are even more important and have to do with meeting the most willing group of coeds ever to invade the campus scene.

The fact is, today's crop of college girls are not only loving more – but they are more lovable, too. And it all goes to give Joe College fonder memories of his Alma Mater to take with him when he graduates.

Only recently, for example, an anonymous senior from a large coed university in the middle-West was asked by an interviewer why his school had so few panty-raids in comparison with some of the all-male Eastern schools.

The senior grinned. "Why *should* we have panty raids, here?" he asked. "They are all right for guys who can't get enough of the real thing. The girls in this school, though, keep us perfectly happy and content."

Despite this somewhat condescending remark, however, even students in today's men's and women's colleges are finding plenty of playmates of the opposite sex – plus plenty of time to play with them.

One school official who cast a wary eye on this kind of goings on was the former president of Vassar College, Sarah Blanding. About a year and a half ago, Miss Blanding denounced pre-marital sex as "indecent." Any student at the all-woman school who indulged *(Continued on next page)*

Those Free-Loving Coeds

herself this way during her off hours would face "disciplinary action."

The very fact that Miss Blanding had to say out loud what would once have been called the obvious, is an indication of the long, long road that coeds have traveled since grandmother's day. But the reactions of the Vassar girls were even more revealing.

In a poll by the student newspaper, only 52 percent of the girls went on record as agreeing with Miss Blanding. About eight percent were not certain about how they felt, while 40 percent believed that what a Vassar girl does in her spare time is her own business.

And remember that this was a poll taken by the school newspaper: It is very possible that the 40 percent group would have been a good deal larger if some of the girls weren't understandably cautious about saying what they really thought.

How do girls in less austere colleges feel about the subject? Last March, the editor of a student newspaper in a coed university in the Southwest conducted a poll on the sexual attitudes of the undergraduate girls there. It showed that some 81 percent felt that it was perfectly all right for a girl to get her kicks in any manner she felt.

This poll was never published. University authorities — believing that if the results got out, parents might raise an outcry which would damage the reputation of the school —confiscated the results.

"After all," the Dean of Women explained, "there are some ideas which a parent does not wish his daughter to be exposed to. If we allowed the paper to print this poll, we would be accused of encouraging immorality."

Yet, these polls only prove that most college girls believe that sex is a private affair. The real question remains: Do the coeds only *talk* about it? Or do they actually *live* a care-free love life?

The answer depends on the time, the place and the girl. But there have been enough incidents lately to prove that the typical college girl is not only in the mood for fun—but also, she doesn't care how she goes about finding it.

Perhaps the most completely hushed up of these incidents took place in a well-known university located in an important Western state.

One of the things that this school is famous for is its football team. It is a rare season, indeed, when the team loses more than two games. Yet not long ago, when the team lost its first three games in a row, the coaching staff began to get suspicious.

Eventually, the reason for the poor record was uncovered. It seems that a group of coeds had dedicated themselves to the well-being and happiness of their football heroes. Each evening before a game, the team would sneak out of their special dorm and the young ladies would do their best to lift the players' morale.

The girls did their work so well, though, that the team was too exhausted to give its all on the following day!

As I said earlier, the situation was hushed up. When the problem was explained to them, the girls agreed to withhold their favors until *after* a game was played, and the teaching staff agreed to look the other way.

Why are college girls so ready and willing, nowadays? One big reason is that, for a good many of them, college is their first taste of freedom.

Most coeds come from middle-class families where parental control is apt to be extra-tight during their early teens. During the time they are in high school, the future college girls probably have a *less* active sex life than the national average.

According to Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, "Social restraints and the parental supervision exercised over the girls of the better educated groups may delay their participation in coitus for some period of years. . . ."

Once the girls are on their own and out from under mama's and papa's thumb, many of them decide to let go with a vengeance. And this, incidentally, is even more true today than it was during the period —over ten years ago—when Kinsey was gathering his material for his book on women.

Another important factor is the era in which these girls were born. Since shortly after World War I, each succeeding female generation has enjoyed a (freer) love-life than did the one before. This is true of all women—not only coeds.

As Kinsey points out, "there has been a general understanding that some sort of change had occurred in the attitudes and sexual behavior of American youth in the so-called 'roaring twenties'." But, as he also goes on to disclose, it is not widely realized that this sexual revolution is still going on.

Nevertheless while this revolution affects all girls, it is the brighter and more daring female who is willing to try out the new moral beliefs for herself. It is exactly this kind of girl who is most likely to be found in college.

Once on campus, there is a great deal of encouragement to break away from her early restrictions. There are for instance, the older girls in the dorm who have already had affairs and who encourage the freshman to get her kicks, too.

"When I first came to college," said one attractive junior, recently, "the most I ever did was engage in some light petting with the boy I was going steady with in high-school. My very first year in college, however, I roomed with three other girls. One of them was a freshman like myself, but the other two quickly let us know the score. Before long, we were ashamed of our *lack* of experience."

This lack did not last long, the girl admitted in her interview. By the time she had ended her freshman year, she had already experienced two affairs.

In addition to the older girls who are ready to instruct her in what every young girl should know, a new coed finds an exciting atmosphere of intellectual freedom at college. She can sit in on free-wheeling mixed discussions and read books by writers who believe that it is wrong for a girl *not* to have affairs before marriage. The regular moral lectures by the dorm housemother and the Dean of Women's staff eventually are listened to with good-natured tolerance. *(Cont. on p.76)*

Nature's Way



"This has maximum fallout."



"Pardon me. Is your husband home?"



"How is he? Pretty good, considering his age and all."



"I hope the consumer-viewers will understand clearly what type of premium we're offering."

Sights the Sightseers



Mary Colin (left) and Jean Kerry, two lovely models from London, were enlisted in the bold experiment.



It is believed the Stonehenge was built in 160(B.C. by a prehistoric tribe of sun worshippers



The sightseers were all eyes for the ancient ruins. The girls caused not a head to turn during the test.



Missed

To prove there is no tourist attraction with more appeal than England's famous Stonehenge, our photographer tested its allure against the charms of two present-day spellbinders. The results were more than meets the eye.



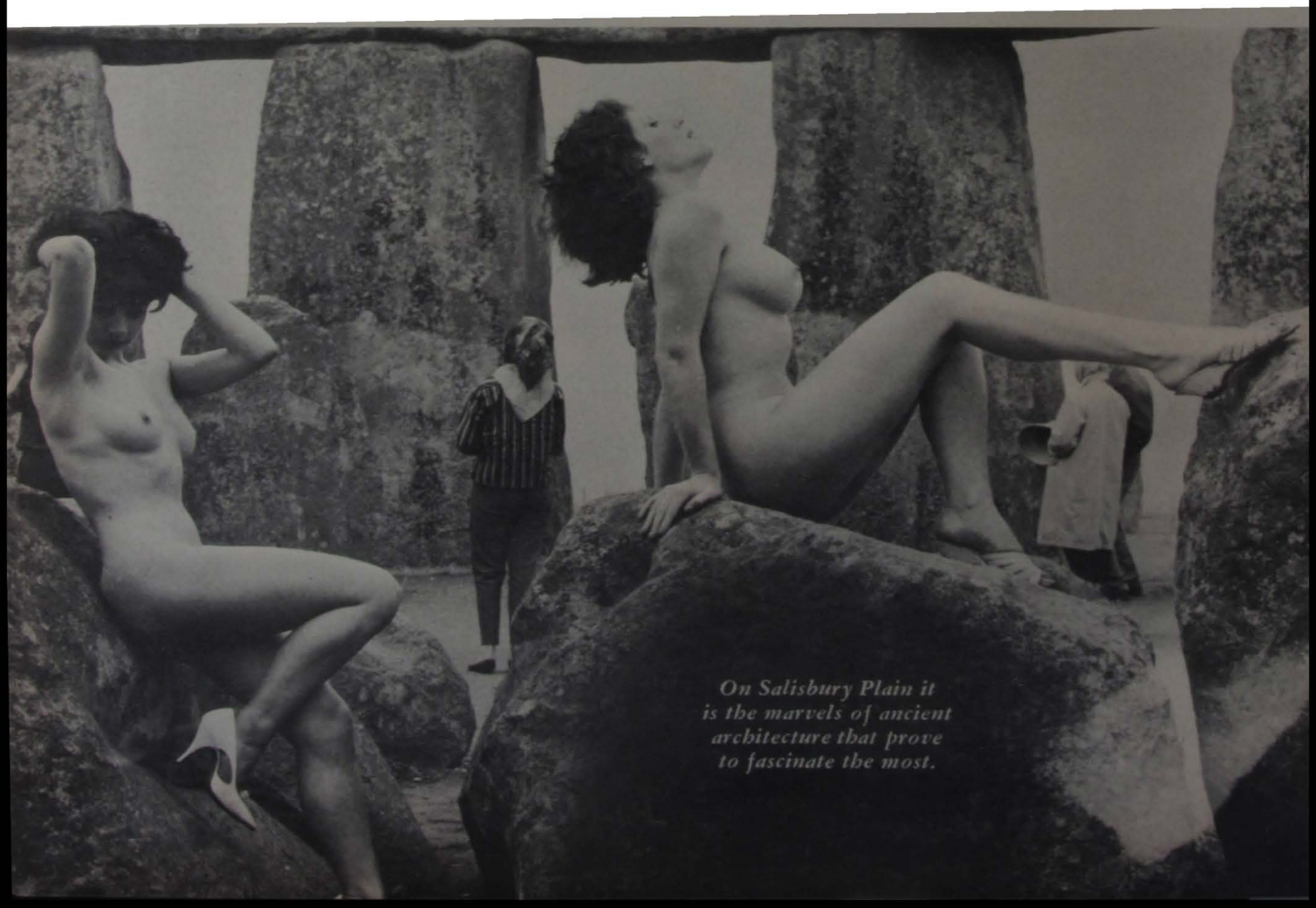
The flinty truth is that beauty does not always prevail.



Actually there was a solid reason why the tourists preferred to go to rock and ruin.

In England today, the appearance of undraped beauties is somewh more taken for granted by the British citizenry than in the United State





On Salisbury Plain it is the marvels of ancient architecture that prove to fascinate the most.

Part of the Stonehenge's utter fascination lies in the mystery concerning how it was built.





This amazing tourist attraction was overlooked until the government began its restoration in 1922.

Cameras and photographers have been known to distort before. The truth here is our photographer finally confessed that he'd rigged this little saga—because not even the stolid British can be accused of being this *impervious to the beauty of the female form.*



The conclusion of our photographer's experiment is simple: Beauty truly is in the eye of the beholder.


DAI
POLICE
CAPTUR

THE STUFF OF HEROES

FICTION

BY REGIS TAYLOR

I WAS STANDING in the bedroom of the small flat we shared, when I heard Bill's scream come from the kitchen. It was not a cry or a yell or a shout; but a loud, shrill scream that was followed by an even more frightening low moan. Bill was my kid brother. I dashed into see what was wrong. He was writhing on the kitchen floor, his face white and shaken. "What happened?" I asked.

His eyes were clamped shut and his face screwed up in pain. "It's my finger," he managed to groan. "I think I sliced the damn thing off."

He held up his left index finger for me to examine. As I had guessed, it was totally unmarked except for a slight scratch which hadn't quite broken the skin.

"It's not bleeding," I said, flatly.

"Huh . . . ?"

"It isn't bleeding. You can get up, now."

He opened his eyes slowly, stared hard at the offending digit and made his way towards a chair. "It was still a near thing," he said, weakly.

"Sure it was."

I sighed and told myself for the thousandth time that year not to get angry. Bill couldn't help being the way he was. I'll put it this way: There are some men who have the stuff of heroes in them. Their flamboyant exploits force the whole world to gasp in admiration. Well, Bill was as flamboyant as any hero who ever lived! The problem, however, was that he was a flamboyant coward. There was none of your quiet, stick-in-the-mud, timid cowardliness about my brother. He was not the type to dig a hole in time of danger and crawl into it. He would demand--not *ask*, mind you, but *demand*--that someone dig the hole for him and assist him inside. And there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. He was my kid brother and, when we both made up our minds to leave home and come to the city, Mom made me swear I would take care of him.

As a matter of fact, I had been neglecting Bill, lately. I'd hardly even seen him for the past month or so. I was busy making time with a little redheaded chick named Muriel and had left my brother to face the cold, cruel world on his own.

"How's it been going?" I asked, when he had more or less recovered from the ordeal of the nicked finger.

"Lousy," he said, in a depressed tone. "Absolutely lousy."

I felt a twinge of guilt and concern. It was hard to tell for sure, but the way he sounded there might really be something wrong. "What's the problem?"

"I think I'm falling in love."

"Is that all?" I grinned. "Welcome to the club."

He smiled, wanly. "But you don't understand," he said. "Peggy is not an ordinary girl."

"I don't know a girl who is." *(Cont. on next page)*

WITH A SEXY GIRL A MAN DOESN'T HAVE TO PROVE HIS MASCULINITY BY BEING BRAVE.

The Stuff of Heroes

"She's a policewoman."

"Ah," I said, softly. I had a sinking feeling about what was coming next.

"And, not only that, she has a father and six brothers who are on the force — each one bigger and tougher than the next."

"Then, if I were you, I wouldn't play around. That is, unless you plan to marry the girl." If he expected me to protect him from seven tough cops, he was not only a coward— he was a cowardly nut! Brotherly love will go just so far.

"It isn't that," he said stiffly. "I'd marry her tomorrow if I could."

"What's wrong, then? Doesn't *she* love *you*?"

He grinned a grin that I can only describe as smug. "I have every reason to think that she does," he said.

I did not need to ask him to go into details. But I couldn't understand what he had to worry about. If I knew anything at all about women, the girl should be grateful that he wanted to make her life respectable.

I said something of the sort to Bill, and he nodded. "Right now, she'd be delighted to marry me," he admitted.

"What is it, then?" I was beginning to lose patience.

"Her family. They're all heroes— each and every one of them. They have a suitcase filled with medals and awards. Peggy's got several, herself. She was the girl who captured Mad Minda Manx singlehanded. Maybe you read about her in the papers."

I did. Mad Minda was the most dangerous female criminal since Lizzie Borden stopped swinging her axe. Some policewoman, I recalled, had managed to corner her in the ladies' room of a second-class hotel, disarmed her and brought her in. But how my brother got mixed up with a girl like this, I couldn't imagine. He looked as if he was reading my mind. "What do you think a girl like that is going to say when she finds out that I'm far from heroic?"

I shook my head. "I don't know."

"And her family . . . They despise cowards!"

"What are you going to do about it?"

"So far, I haven't been doing too badly," he admitted. "I told her I was a star athlete in college."

"What . . . ?"

"Yes. I showed her your old trophies."

"I see."

"You don't mind, do you?"

"No," I said, slowly. "I suppose I don't."

"And I hinted that I was a war hero."

"Did you show her my medals, too?"

"Well . . . er . . . yes."

"Go on."

"Well, that's about all. But I figure that if she sees me do something physical, like win a fight, it would be a great help."

"And who are you going to win a fight from?" I asked.

"I thought that maybe you might . . ." He let his voice trail off.

"Go ahead. You must have had something in mind," I said. "What is it?"

"Perhaps I could have her up to dinner," he said. "Then I could leave the room for a few minutes and you could make a pass at her. She'll scream and I'll run in and knock you out with a single punch. I promise to pull the blow, of course . . ."

"Thanks."

"What do you think?"

"I think, no!" I went on fast, before he could start protesting. "I'm not about to get fresh with any dame whose got that many ties with the police department. Not while I'm in my right mind, I'm not. What's to stop her from going home and telling the whole thing to her brothers and father? And what's to prevent them from coming over here and taking me apart?"

"Oh, I don't think she'd do that," he said.

"You don't, huh? And I suppose you don't think she might have learned a little judo on the police force, either? Suppose she doesn't scream at all, but merely flips me over her shoulder? What then?"

"You're right," Bill admitted, sadly. "If anything like that happened, I'd really look like a damn fool."

I didn't think this comment called for an answer.

"Do you have any ideas?" he asked accusingly, as though it were now my job to come up with something to replace the plans I had just ruined.

"As a matter of fact I do," I said. "We'll have Muriel up here, too. I'll start pushing her around and make some nasty cracks. You'll tell me not to talk to a lady that way in your presence. Then, after I tell you to mind your own damn business, you can do your stuff."

"That's great!" Bill enthused. "Sometimes I think you're a genius!"

"Sometimes I think I'm a damn fool," I muttered. But I could see that I was stuck with it.

While a fine sport in some respects, Muriel ordinarily would not go for a gag like this. But she both liked Bill and wanted to see him off my hands. "Once we get him married," she said with a purposeful glint in her eyes, "we can concentrate on our own plans."

I started to grunt my non-committal bachelor's grunt, and then had a horrible thought. "She and her family have to find about him, eventually," I said. "What happens, then?"

"Oh, then it won't matter," Muriel said, airily. "Then it will be Peggy's problem."

I felt like this would be a dirty trick to play on a nice girl, but decided it would be more politic not to say so.

We invited the girls up the following week. It was the first time I'd met Peggy, and I had to admit that I was impressed. She was a beautifully made blonde, and if I hadn't been so involved with my particular redhead I might have decided to give the kid brother a run for his money.

However, I was already committed—in more *(Cont. on p. 78)*



BLITHE SPIRIT COMES TO A GHOST TOWN

when Lisa Lamar came a-visitin'.

Red Dog never saw such a sight as

In its gayest time the town of





Gone are the days of Wyatt Earp, Billy The Kid and Doc Halliday —and what a shame! She could've given them better reason for making the old West wild.

See next page



While filming a TV Western lovely Lisa drove out to visit a nearby ghost town. The trip proved spiritually rewarding.





Playfully she began to imagine the things that might have happened to her had she been around while legends were being made.



IT'S LONG been a maxim in Hollywood that the more an actor or actress knows about the characters they're portraying and the background of the movie, the better their performances will be.

Thus it was that while luscious Lisa Lamar was on location in Arizona during the filming of an hour-long Western for television, she decided to hop into her sports car and take the five-mile trip to the nearby ghost town of Red Dog.

There she saw a dramatic monument to the memory of Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid and Doc Halliday, all of whom once passed through Red Dog. Lisa could imagine what it was like, living in that bygone era, and when she returned to her company she felt amply rewarded by the experience. So did her director and fellow actors who believe Lisa has what it takes to put the vision into television.

With beauties like Lisa on the scene it's not difficult to imagine the good life bygone badmen might've led.



The Busy Bawd Who



Ran An Army Ragged

IN THE YEAR 1798, an important member of England's House of Lords stood up to make the sensational charges that the French government was trying to conquer his country by subverting its morals. This was a particularly significant time to make such a speech, inasmuch as all the ingredients of one of the juiciest sex scandals in English history were then already simmering. To be true, Britain's morals *were* being subverted, but hardly by the upward-looking Gauls, then under the leadership of Napoleon Bonaparte.

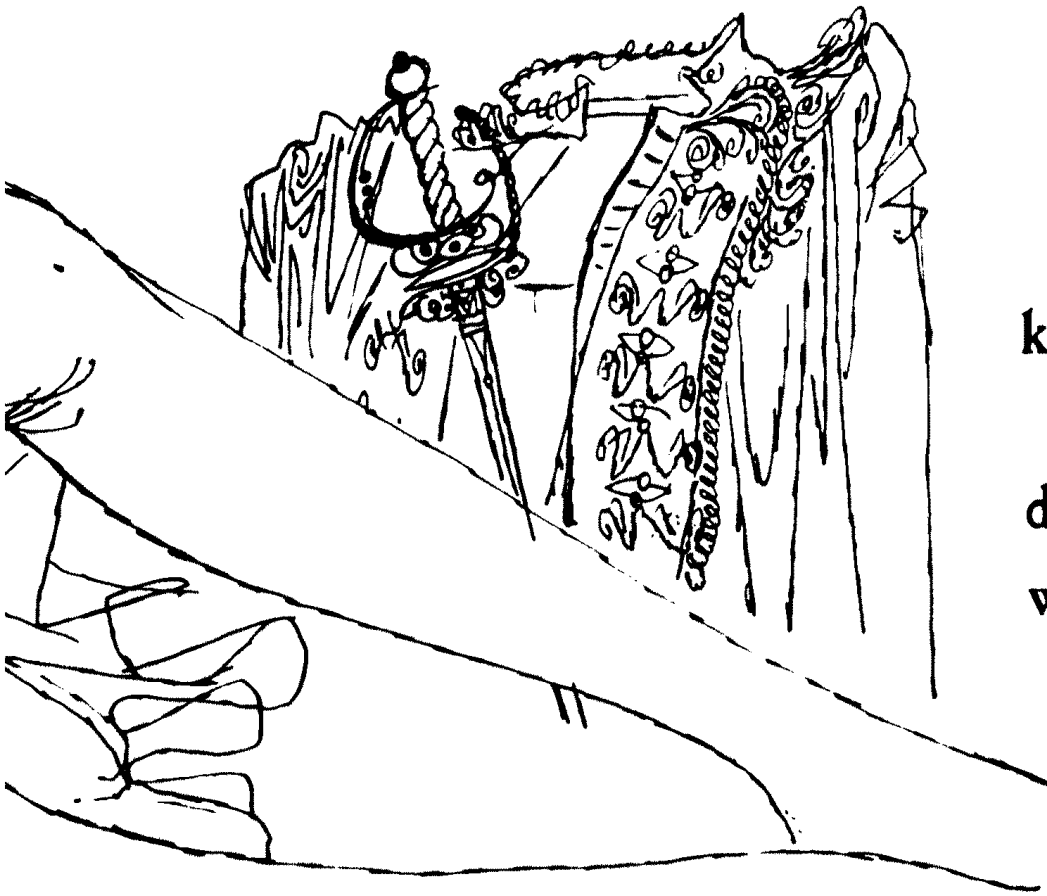
It is also true that foreign elements were involved in the scandal, but one needed to look no further than the royal palace—for the major culprit in the sinsational doings was none other than Frederick Augustus, the Duke of York, second son of King George III. He was the fourth generation of the royal Hanover line which came to England from Germany in 1714. He was also Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

He got the job in 1795, when the army was in a chaotic state. Its size had been greatly overexpanded to meet the threat of France, and nobody seemed to have the least idea of how to train it, drill it, and get it into shape for battle. Someone was needed to turn the military machine inside out and reform it from the top down.

Why Frederick? Being the king's son, of course, did give him a certain advantage over the competition. But, in addition, he did have a certain background in military organization and was a former disciple of the then top German militarist, Frederick the Great.

He did make certain important changes, especially in his officer corps. One of the first things he did was to fire every captain in the army who was under 12 years of age! He also kicked out any lieutenant-colonel he found who was under 20.

These boy leaders, by the way, were far from the exception in (*Continued on next page*)



The amorous duke exploited all the king's men to prove he was no humpty dumpty to the siren who made him flip.

BY LEWIS RENFRO

The Busy Bawd Who Ran An Army Ragged

the British Army of that day. The theory went that the main things an officer needed were to be from a good family and have enough money to buy a commission. Age, experience and talent were all secondary.

Well, the Duke of York put an end to that and even worked out a system whereby an officer's capacity could be tested.

In the evenings, however, Frederick was not the sort of man who could live a Spartan sort of life. Indeed, he traveled with a crowd that enjoyed all the good things that life had to offer.

As far as the Duke, and many another member of the high-society crowd, was concerned, one of the nicest delights of the age was a lady named Mary Anne Clarke.

Unlike Frederick, Mary Anne had absolutely no claim to noble blood. Her father was one John Tompson, a solid member of the middle class and, when she grew up, she married a stonemason, named Clarke.

However, Mary Anne was not the type of girl to be satisfied with a poor but respectable life. Just the opposite. She had dreams of power and glory that a cynic might have claimed to be far beyond her reach in the stratified, royalty-loving society of the day.

The cynic would be wrong! For although Mary Anne did not have an extra penny in her purse or an ounce of royal blood, she had something that, for a woman, at least, can be of much greater value—a shrewd mind and a perfect figure.

As far as her beauty was concerned, everyone who knew her was agreed on that. Years later, a former lover and well-known rake was to claim that her breasts were the most flawless of any woman he had ever known. "As for her legs and thighs," he said, "they beggar description."

In that day as in our own, one obvious place for a bright and good-looking woman to begin her search for the good life was in the world of entertainment. And Mary Anne broke into the London theatre.

Nobody knows exactly what happened to Mr. Clarke, the stonemason. At one time there was a rumor that he had died mysteriously. But no one was ever able to prove anything. At any rate, he disappeared from his wife's life and never showed up again.

It was while she was a star on the London stage that Mary Anne first saw Frederick Augustus. Or, rather, he first saw her.

They did not meet at any ordinary theatrical performance, but at a masquerade given at the home of a foreign ambassador. Several ladies from the stage were there. They were brought out dressed as mythological characters, stared at, applauded, and then permitted to change into ordinary evening wear. Mrs. Clarke was the last to appear. She came as Venus.

To say that she created a sensation was putting it mildly, according to one of the guests. She wore a thin, embroidered, floral band that covered the most strategic section below her waist. And that was all she wore! Men sat transfixed, their eyes nearly popping out of their heads. Women bared their teeth in envy.

The duke was just as awed as every other guest. But while gazing at those flawless features, he decided to do something about it. He would have Mary Anne and keep her to himself!

It was not difficult for the son of the king of England to meet the actress. And soon, Frederick Augustus was escorting her nightly to the plushest spots in town. Before very many weeks had gone by, Mary Anne had left the theatre and had set herself up as the Duke of York's mistress.

Ordinarily, the story might have ended right there. It was an uninhibited era, and people would have thought any gentleman of the town rather odd who *didn't* make an arrangement with one or more women. Indeed, it was not unheard of for out and out prostitutes to marry into the nobility. One lady of the evening named Nancy Parsons lived with two dukes and then married Lord Maynard!

What made the affair of the duke and Mrs. Clarke different, however, was his passion for love and *her* passion for money! The more the duke had of the fair Mary Anne, the more he wanted. And the more he wanted, the more expensive she became.

Now, Frederick Augustus was not the sort of man who would part with cash happily. And Mary Anne kept taking a larger and larger hunk out of his personal treasury. Something would have to be done.

He could, lof course, have given up the girl. But that never entered his mind. Instead, he started thinking about all those officers he was commissioning for the army. Didn't they represent an income of a sort—one that he could bestow on the lovely Mrs. Clarke?

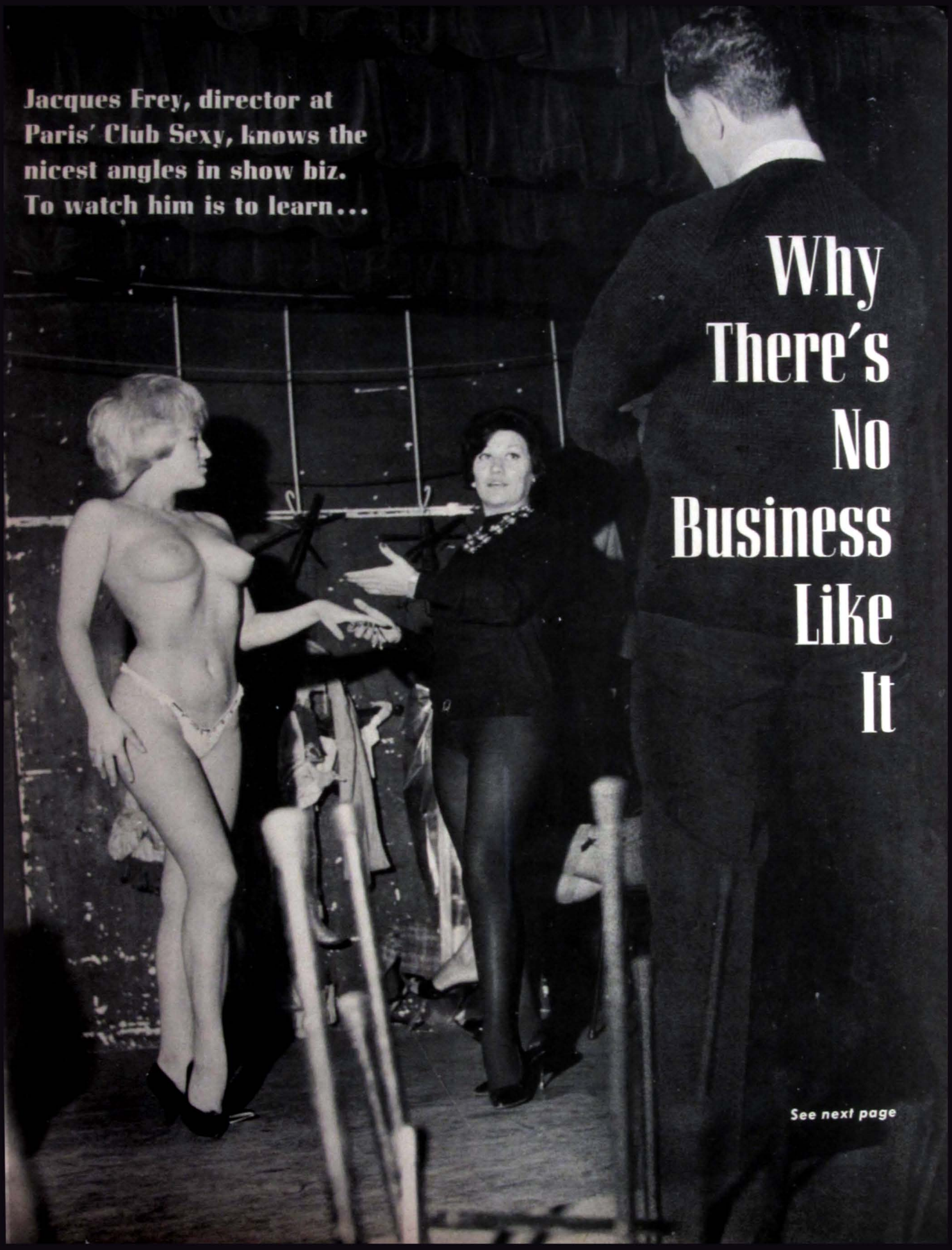
In those free-and-easy days, remember, if a gentleman wanted to be an officer in the army, it was perfectly all right for him to buy a commission from whoever was handing them out. All right, his Royal Highness decided, from now on Mary Anne Clarke will be handing them out!

Mary Anne was delighted. She took to her new business like the Wright brothers took to flying airplanes. Soon, she had made a full list of prices for the different commissions. If you wanted to be a captain, for example, you had to pay the lady some 1,500 pounds. A major's rank, on the other hand, cost 26,000

There were rumors that Mrs. Clarke wasn't all *that* business-like at times. When a strong young man pleased her fancy, the stories went, she would happily lower her prices. However, the rumors were never proved; and if they were true, the duke never found it out.

All this began in 1801. And everything might have ended happily if it weren't for the fact that the little arrangement quickly began stepping on some rather sensitive toes.

It seemed that the important gentlemen who were already captains, majors and the like wanted to sell their own commissions. In fact, they looked upon this right as a sort of retirement plan. When they were ready to leave the service and go into civilian life, they would merely sell their rank to an ambitious younger man and use the money for investment. With Mary *(Cont. on p. 81)*



Jacques Frey, director at Paris' Club Sexy, knows the nicest angles in show biz. To watch him is to learn...

Why There's No Business Like It

See next page



Part choreographer, part drama



Many of Club Sexy's stars have graduated to movies. Current headliners are Marie Revel (l.) and Sonya.

PROBABLY the most enviable job in all Paree is the one held by Jacques Andre Frey, director of the show at the posh Club Sexy. And what's more (though it shouldn't be at all surprising), Frey is crazy about his work. Yet, from looking at the easy manner in which he takes his eye-opening charges through their show-stopping routines, one would be tempted to ask, "You call that work?"

Frey is credited with having recently created more new stars for the motion picture industry than any other single person in Paris. In the last two years eight beauties graduated from the Club Sexy to the French Cinema. Yet, fresh talent keeps turning up, and one shouldn't be surprised to hear again, "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm, after they've seen Paree (especially Club Sexy)?"

coach, he puts in long hours. Yet, work doesn't leave Jacques dull.



Frey confers with assistant Colette Reynaud during the rehearsals of Sonya's bossa nova strip number.



A former member of the Roland Petite Ballet troup, director Frey takes Sonya through her new routine.

It's part of Frey's gift to keep his stars in good humor. That's why audiences are always left smiling.

At the Club Sexy, where the shows the slickest in Paree, girls read lines as ably as they display them.





(Continued from page 37)

back well over her hips. Her unhampered breasts swelled passionately in the moonlight and her bare legs arched their golden tanness across Jerry's lap. Her eyes glittered wantonly and her hands were almost as busy as Jerry's, so caught up was she in the desire born of over an hour of heavy petting.

Then, just as Jerry shifted position to fulfill the promise of their love making, Alma pulled sharply away. "No!" she said firmly. "What kind of a girl do you think I am, anyway?" she asked petulantly.

Under the circumstances, Jerry couldn't help thinking it was one hell of a question. It was on the tip of his tongue to answer it, but discretion stopped him. Besides, he'd come so close so many times that he couldn't bring himself to give up hope that one night Alma would forget to back off before it was too late.

After some token wrestling for his ego's sake, Jerry gave up and drove her home. But he'd lain awake half the night with frustration building into bitterness. Now, jammed into the subway car, he continued to brood.

It was at the Stadium stop that the pressure of the new crowd wedging into the car brought Sheila Dannon to his attention. Jerry threw misogynism to the winds as he studied her over the top of his newspaper. Some doll! Red-haired, slender, bosomy, and wrapped up tight in a skimpy summer dress that didn't leave much of her figure to speculation. There wasn't much need for speculation anyway, the way they were pasted together. Jerry smiled at her tentatively, trying to establish the rapport of subway riders caught in the mangle. Over his shoulder, the Devil also smiled....

Actually, Sheila had noticed Jerry a while before he smiled at her. His presence had been an instant goad, reminding her of the vileness of the male species. Jerry, through no fault of his own, was a ringer for Wayne Blackman.

He had the same sandy hair, the same square jaw, the same obtrusive Adam's apple. Like Wayne, he had that skinny-shouldered, scared-rabbit stoop as he loomed over her. His blue eyes, like Wayne's, had that vacant, peering-inward look which said he was mulling over something far removed from the subway car and the girl pressed against him. And when he smiled at her, that smile was also like Wayne's, tentative and poised to vanish if it gave offense.

Sheila was well qualified to recognize the resemblance. She'd been sleeping with Wayne for the past six months. As a matter of fact, the preceding night had been the latest time she slept with Wayne—and the last time she would sleep with him.

"Get married?" He'd turned red with confusion when she mentioned it. "Gee, Sheila, I never thought you'd pull anything like that. I figured it's just been kicks and I thought you felt the same way."

"But you say you love me," she'd protested.

"Well, sure, but—"

"I love you, and if you really love me, why shouldn't we get married?"

"Well, honey, the way things are now, I can't really afford to—"

"I'm working. We can get by on both our salaries."

"Sheila, to tell the truth, I don't know if I want to get married just at the—"

"But you said you loved me!" She'd been close to tears then.

"I know, but you know how it is. A guy says a lot of things in the heat of the moment—"

"More than one moment!" Anger made her voice shrill.

"Sweetie, if you're gonna act this way, maybe the best thing'd be if we cool it for awhile."

"You mean forever," she'd shouted, and slammed out of his apartment.

Sheila'd been doing a not-so-slow burn ever since. Now, finding herself pressed up against this man who looked just like Wayne, she was building to red-hot anger.

Suddenly Sheila let out a startled shriek; her hand shot upward and the palm whacked across Jerry's nose, which immediately began to bleed. "You masher!" she yelled indignantly. "Keep your lousy hands to yourself!"

"But — But —" Jerry stammered. His left hand was still on the subway strap where it had been all along and his right hand clutched at his newspaper as it had since he'd boarded the train.

"It's a fine thing when a girl can't ride the subway without some — some idiot getting fresh with her!" she announced to the crowd at large.

Jerry, trying to fish a handkerchief out of his pocket with which to staunch the flow of blood from his nose, was thrown forward accidentally when the train lurched and found to his horror that his right hand was clutching at the girl's left breast in a groping quest for balance.

"It's a disgrace!" a middle-aged woman sitting alongside them remarked, looking at Jerry as though he was a cockroach who'd just crawled out of a grocery closet in her kitchen.

"But I didn't do anything," Jerry protested.

"I saw the whole thing," a young boy said from across the aisle, seizing this opportunity to get some attention. "The guy must be some kind of sex fiend, or something."

A burly man in the clothes of a trucker elbowed his way past a few people and came up to them. "You want I should teach handy-Andy here a lesson for ya, lady?" he asked Sheila.

"No. I don't want any trouble; just so he doesn't bother me again," Sheila answered. She was cooling down now and her conscience was beginning to bother her. Down deep under her anger she knew Jerry couldn't possibly have been responsible for the rude contact she'd felt.

"Okay, Mac," the man said to Jerry as the train pulled into 125th Street, "this time you get away with it. Now get offa this train before I t'row ya off."

Jerry started to object, took a look around at the disgust and righteousness written on the faces of the crowd, and gave up the idea. When the doors opened he dived out of the car and half-ran blindly up the platform. Behind him, the Devil, laughing silently, waved *adieu*.

Having caught the next train, he was now riding downtown and facing the prospect of being late to work. He was also, as might be expected, burnt to the crispiest of angers. Just as his resemblance to Wayne Blackman had provided the Devil with the last straw to be placed on Sheila's camel-back, the duress she'd put him through had been the last straw added to his own load by the Devil.

That last straw weighed heavily on him throughout the day. The symbol of the unjustness of his conviction, it was still weighting him down when his working day was over. And it was this weight which propelled him into a crowded cocktail lounge then and impelled him to down three double martinis in rapid succession.

He blinked through the haze of the last one and then blinked again. It couldn't be, but there she was. There, perched on a stool at the bar, staring moodily into an amber-filled cocktail glass, was the girl who had accused him of being a masher on the subway. Jerry put down his drink and with a slow, firm, almost menacing stride started towards her.

From a dark corner of the lounge, the Devil watched with glee. He'd spent a rewarding day on Wall Street, collected a few souls on Madison Avenue and now was enjoying a well-earned drink in a setting which boded well the furtherance of his evil works.

As a rule, Sheila was given neither to after-work imbibing, nor solitary

drinking. The fact that she'd made an exception this night was due to a combination of things. Her break-up with Wayne was one. Her guilty conscience over the incident with Jerry was another. And her disinclination to face the subway rush-hour going home and the possibility of any further incidents was the clincher. Her nerves had cried out for a drink and now she was mooning over her third one.

She stopped mooning in a hurry when she looked up and saw Jerry standing over her, determination for vengeance in his steady stare. "We meet again," he said, but she couldn't think of anything to answer.

It wasn't his drunkeness, but his anger that made him slur his words as he continued in a very low voice which couldn't be overheard by any of the crowd standing around them. "Why did you do it?" he asked.

She could only shrug. Why had she done it? She wasn't sure herself.

"You know I didn't make a pass at you. Admit it."

All Sheila could do was nod and look down at the bar miserably.

"Then why did you embarrass me like that? Why did you put me through such a mess?"

"I don't know." Sheila's voice, like his, was a whisper.

"You don't know! Look, you'll have to do better than that."

"I'm sorry," she said. "But it's over now, isn't it? Please. Just forget it. Just go away."

Jerry continued to look at her steadily, letting the rage inside him mount to fever-pitch. It seemed like a long time before he finally spoke again. When he did, his voice was no longer hushed. It was loud and vibrant. It seemed to bounce off the very walls of the cocktail lounge and drew all eyes to him and Sheila as though his words were puppet-strings attached to all the heads in the place.

"Twenty bucks!" he boomed. "I've never paid twenty bucks for it in my life, girlie! And I've had chicks that'd make you look sick. Come off it, babe. You ain't worth twenty bucks to any man." Jerry looked around him slowly, conscientiously meeting all eyes. "What do you think?" he asked the crowd. "Would you pay twenty bucks for an over-the-hill bimbo like this?"

The laughter that went up was more than Jerry could have asked for by way of revenge. He paid his check and left, leaving Sheila too stunned to do anything but keep sitting in mortified embarrassment. Right behind him, followed the Devil, also headed for home.

The Devil wanted to get a good night's sleep so he'd be sure to get up early in the morning. After all, he didn't want to take a chance on missing the "D" train. ●

A LOOK AT H'WOOD FROM THE INSIDE OUT

(Continued from page 39)

BACHELOR: That's a pretty wide-angled beginning, so to say. What happened next?

STARLET: The screen test was a success, and I was signed to do a number of television films. Small parts in a number of one-hour deals.

BACHELOR: And who took over the job of "sponsoring" your career?

STARLET: Nobody for the first six months I was out on the Coast. For publicity purposes I was going out on dates with whoever the studio assigned to me. There'd always be a fan magazine writer or two along, and you know—I actually *was* the dear sweet thing they wrote me up to be.

BACHELOR: In those days you were supposed to be having a romance with a couple of the leading young men.

STARLET: Don't you believe it. One of them was living with his mother, and still does. The other was too busy playing the horses to be interested in sex.

BACHELOR: What happened after the first six months?

STARLET: I went to Acapulco on my vacation and was invited to a divinely wild party down there. There were a lot of Hollywood people, and also a few gay millionaires who like to hang around movie folks. Well, at this party I met .

BACHELOR: The director?

STARLET: None other.

BACHELOR: And?

STARLET: He couldn't keep either his eyes or his hands off me. And as for me, I found him simply delightful — so charming, attentive and witty. He asked me to leave the party with him. We'd had enough drinks and smoked enough pot, and so I accepted his invitation and spent the night with him.

BACHELOR: He's not much younger than your off-Broadway friend.

STARLET: Oh yes he is. Maybe not in age, really, but at least he doesn't need an oxygen tank.

BACHELOR: And he began "sponsoring" your career?

STARLET: Not right away. After we came back from Acapulco, I'd see him once or twice a week—whenever he could get away from his wife and family. I had plenty of work in the television films, and so, I guess I really didn't need anyone to help me get ahead.

BACHELOR: But you were still pretty thick with him.

STARLET: Was I! His wife is a pretty understanding chick. Gives him plenty of rope. But he was thinking of asking her for a divorce so he could marry me.

BACHELOR: But you didn't want to get married.

STARLET: Say listen, I was only nineteen and career-minded. Besides, I was smart enough to realize that if I did marry him, it was only a matter of time before he'd be running after some other girl.

BACHELOR: So what happened?

STARLET: The break of my life. He was going to be making a film in Europe, part of it in Italy, the other part in Spain. He didn't want me out of his sight. So he arranged with the studio for me to get a small role in the movie. It was one of those period films, with thousands of extras, in technicolor and shot with a wide-angle camera.

BACHELOR: Our research shows us that your publicity buildup at the time was as the "all-American girl."

STARLET: What a laugh! I was one of three Americans in the movie. It was supposed to be a real international deal. But once we got overseas, you couldn't tell the Americans from the Europeans.

BACHELOR: You really lived it up?

STARLET: Did we! Now I know why so many Hollywood actors like to go abroad to work. It's so much easier to cut loose over there, without breaking any laws or running into foul publicity notices. While we were shooting, there were always some members of the cast throwing a party. The ones who didn't show up were recuperating from the blast thrown the night before.

BACHELOR: What happened between you and your director friend.

STARLET: As I said before, doing this movie overseas proved to be the break of my life. Once we got overseas, I guess all of us got a little unhinged. He was no longer as possessive toward me as he was back home. The feminine lead, , is a real nympho, and he began having a ball with her. The male star, , is such a dreamy Englishman. He made sure I wasn't going to be alone to pine away.

BACHELOR: So you and your director friend broke up?

STARLET: Who said that? Our relationship took on a deeper, more understanding aspect. We've become buddies, more or less. He doesn't feel guilty toward me anymore, darling. We still get together, but it's more or less for old times' sake.

BACHELOR: After that you made a couple of movies in France and one in England, but both of them were only second lead parts.

STARLET: I'd say I'm coming up pretty fast, now. Brendan Gill in *The New Yorker* and Bosley Crowther in the *New York Times* gave

(Cont. on p. 68)

UP OR

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Chris proves you can't resist a gal when she lets her hair down.



ASTROLOGY FOR LEAP YEAR AND YOU

(Continued from page 35)

It is Saturn which actually controls your romantic destiny. Providing you are alone to start with, do not get out of bed.

Otherwise, the first nine months of 1964 are propitious ones for would-be Casanovas. October, November and December, however, are what might be termed the Capricorn Polar Period. Venus lapses then, and Mars arises. The Goat becomes the innocent bystander in the War of the Sexes. During this cycle, relationships will weaken, as women generally will give you a hard time. This is the time to devote all energies to making more money.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) is in an ambiguous position for 1964 with the Sun transiting the solar Ninth House in a manner which may frustrate initiative toward the opposite sex, but which nevertheless will find you enjoying the fruits of many romances.

During the summer months Aquarians will find females born under the signs of Pisces, Cancer and Virgo drawn irresistibly to their sphere. A word of warning: Beware Virgoans during the months of July and August. They will prove flighty. This could lead to the kind of marital burdens Water Bearers, by their planetary natures, don't wish to bear!

PISCES (Feb. 20-March 20), the sign of the Fish, enters an ascendant cycle in 1964. Female Librans at such times as their sun is in their First House may filet the Fishes with possessiveness and jealousy. But then compatibility with Libras, in view of their judgmental natures, is always difficult for Pisceans.

Maximum Leap Year romantic activity will be assured by seeking out lady Cancerians. Fishes and Crabs will get along swimmingly—provided, of course, that they avoid erotic activity during "R" months.

ARIES (March 21-Apr. 20) will vacillate between its Fourth and Seventh Solar Houses during 1964. Mars, Aries' ruling planet, will vie with Jupiter's favorable rays to create a basically risky clime for romantic endeavors. Exceptions will be the first two weeks in April and the last two weeks in September.

As for the rest of the year, the Ram must proceed with caution, lest he find himself a battered Ram indeed. His affinity for Capricornian girls should be controlled, since while he may succeed in getting their goat, his aggressive nature will get in the way of his obtaining anything else.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21) faces a difficult year. The basic personality of the Bull being an aggressive one with a tendency to brag, the male Taurean's sun is in the wrong Solar House (the Sixth) for Leap Year. A wide berth should be given any female Taurean, for her planetary aggressions are conditioned by the favorable positionings of both Venus and Mars during 1964. Any personality clash with a female Taurean will see her emerge victorious.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21) faces an even more clear-cut astrological schizophrenia than usual. However, despite the conflict those born under the sign of the Twins may face, 1964 has above-average erotic possibilities for them. This is because of the conjuction of Uranus and Pluto, which causes all female personalities (except Leos) to see male Geminians as doubly attractive.

With the Sun in their Sixth House from January through mid-April, the forecast for successful maintenance of simultaneous love affairs is excellent. However, extreme caution must be exercised during late April, May and June.

CANCER (June 22-July 23) is the sign of the Crab. The Cancerian personality will be even more intensified during 1964 since Saturn assumes the ascendant position on the Cancer chart and the Sun is in the Fourth House almost constantly. This means the loving nature, the strong drive for affection and the single-minded compulsion towards romantic relationships will be even more pronounced.

However, since the Crab's tendency to grab and hold females fast in its claws is balanced by its equal impulses towards generosity, 1964 is a year in which the Cancer male should watch his finances while making the most of romantic opportunity.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23) faces an erratic year filled with many surprises, many pleasant, a few not so pleasant. The constant moving about of Leo's Sun from one Solar House to another, plus the rapid rise and descent of Venus will keep the Lion hopping.

Females born under the sign of Saggitarius are to be shunned since the Lion will not be able to withstand the deadly aim of such Archers. Virgoans will be compliant, but summer's end will find Leo licking the wounds of his conscience. Best bet is the female Capricornian who becomes lambish in the lion's den and hails him as the King of Beasts.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23) has been placed at the peak of ascendancy by the stars in 1964. This Leap Year bodes fair for the male Virgoan to escape the virginal implications of the sign under which he was born. Female Leos, Scorpios and Taureans in particular will be aggressive in the springtime when Jupiter and Venus are in conjunction and the Sun is in the Eighth Solar House. If Virgo will but aquiesce during this period, he will find himself no longer the naive butt of solar jokes.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23) is the sign of the Balance. But this Leap Year may well find the Libran male losing his balance in the face of Venus influences which overshadow his chart, as well as other planetary determinants. Poor Libra! With the exception of his own ascendant period (again, Sept. 24-Oct. 23) when female Pisceans and Geminians will find him irresistible, 1964 will be the year of the romantic drought. This is the year to make great strides in business and finance.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22) will have a better romantic year than Libra. Born under the sign of the Scorpion, males will find Leap Year providing better-than-ample opportunity for the use of Scorpio's many limbs. Where Jupiter frowned on the amorous natures of Scorpios during 1963, this year finds Jupiter replaced by Uranus in proximity with Scorpio's Sun in the First Solar House, which means that female Virgoans and Leos alike will succumb pantingly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21) is by nature aggressive, but a male Sagittarian must concentrate on passive resistance this year. He will feel exposed, but his natural valor must give way to discretion and if he maintains his equanimity he will not only survive the Leap Year, he may even enjoy it. Female Leos, Taureans and Arians will take advantage of his unarmed state, but he must face

A LOOK AT H'WOOD

(Continued from page 65)

me rave notices, and that cuts a lot of ice with the producers, you know.

BACHELOR: If you don't mind, we'd like to ask you a "fan magazine" question. Is there a marriage in the offing for you—that is, in the near future?

STARLET: What magazine did you say you were?

BACHELOR: Oh — that's pretty clever of you.

STARLET: You read me, darling. And I've read you. What's your slogan? "The Magazine For the Young At Heart."

BACHELOR: Well, thanks for the interview, and best of luck.

STARLET: One thing you can tell your readers. When I get to the point when I have to lie about my age—that's when I'll start thinking about getting married. Meanwhile, let's say I love Hollywood too much —that is, making Hollywood movies abroad. ●

this with patience — yes, patience born of the knowledge that come 1965, he will once again fell the Lioness, deliver the *coup de gras* to the Taurean, and overcome the eager-beaver Arian.

This then, where your love-life is concerned, is what the zodiac has in store for you during Leap Year. Keep it in mind. No matter what sign you were born under, you will profit by following your astrological chart. To ignore it is to go against fate, and this way lies the pitfall-strewn path of the star-crossed lover! ●

SIN GIRLS & NUDISTS

(Continued from page 30)

Midwestern university. It was a regular mass orgy!

By now I was ready to conduct a survey of other colonies. I asked June about them. They stretched across the country. Many required a $10-a-year membership fee. None had ever been raided.

The best way to find what I wanted was to join in regular, group activities, though keeping pretty much to myself. At picnics or the dinner table, I sat alone. If a girl likes you, she'll pick you up. June had advised me that if I wasn't contacted by anyone within 24 hours to give up that particular colony.

She also gave me some tips on how to recognize a "safe place." I was able to compile a 10-point guide from the information she gave me, and this I gladly pass along:

1. How secluded and hidden is it? The more hidden the better, top preference being about 30 miles from a city with a police force. This way, if a raid is brewing, things can be cleared up in time.

2. Does it have year-around members? Permanent members are likely to be call girls. Infrequent visitors are likely to be true nature lovers.

3. How eager is it to recruit new members? A respectable colony is saturated with true nature lovers. However, in a "safe place" the call girls bring more money into the community. A "safe place" needs plenty of money to continue to operate, since guests are normally admitted on a small ground fee.

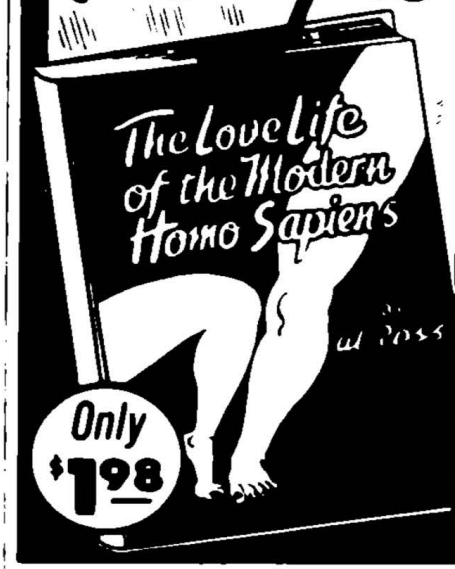
4. Is it recognized by the American Sunbathing Association's list of colonies. If it is, it's respectable and won't risk a scandal.

5. Will it allow husbands without wives? A legit colony is strict about this rule: No husband will be admitted unless accompanied by his wife.

6. Will it admit non-members anytime during the year on a ground fee basis? Most legit colonies won't.

7. Does it have a social director on a permanent salary? Most "safe places" bring in a social director only

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9. How far is it from the nearest convention city? Here, out-of-towners are looking for fun . . . and have plenty of money.

10. Does it ask for character references? Only respectable places that can't afford trouble do.

At first, June's tips seemed too good to be true, but I lost no time in applying them to other camps I visited. One place in the Catskills scored "square" in recruitment of members, allowing hubbies without wives, keeping a full-time social director and asking for character references. Nevertheless, I still thought it was worth a try when I noticed a wild-looking group of men and women prancing about. Imagine my surprise when I found out that these lively characters were merely the cast and crew of a nudie movie which had rented the camp's facilities for a few days!

Another place in New Jersey scored "hip" on all of June's 10 points. I didn't have to wait long after arriving when a luscious redhead sat next to me and began giving me a come-on I couldn't resist.

My personal survey took me across the nation, and the ten-point guide proved an infallible rating system. Who can blame the kicks-for-kicks'-sake members of cafe society for making their way to the nudist camps? After all—that's where the girls are now. ●

HOW I MADE A MILLION DOLLARS

(Continued from page 19)

The thing is, Mike liked me from the beginning. He was a little guy, so he liked my strength. And he had a sense of humor, so he liked the fact I'd thrown the guy through the wall instead of just laying him out. The upshot was that he invited me to dinner, that night, at his big house in Southhampton, which is the classiest section of the Island.

We made quite a party, the four of us. Mrs. Skurtzoff—Amanda—was about fifteen years younger and three inches taller than her husband. She wasn't at all bad-looking and was stacked like a World War I destroyer. A very high-class dame but kind of stuckup. Mike told me it was Amanda who insisted on using real plaster in the houses instead of cheaper plasterboard. "She goes big for imported stuff," he said. "She thinks plaster of Paris is imported from France, so it gives the development more class. Jeez, how do I *stand* it?"

I was on the job only a week but already I knew Mike Skurtzoff was keeping his cute private secretary in a style to which she was by now accustomed. Twenty years of marriage can be a long time—especially when your daughter's going on twenty-one. Understand, I learned all this intimate stuff later on.

The "later on" part started right away. Because Daphne Skurtzoff and I hit it off real big. She was big for her age — or any other age — and pretty as a pea-hen. Also, if her panties had been made of rubber, they'd have been vulcanized to her lovely white flesh. Whenever she was sure her parents weren't looking, Daphne would take on real sexy positions and cross her legs like the way they don't do in a young ladies' finishing school. Otherwise they'd be finished.

It was just the opposite with Amanda Skurtzoff. She sort of sniffed me over when we were introduced, like I'd just stepped out of the ring all sweaty. And all through the conversation she kept saying how it was about time for Daphne to marry some big shot young punk from the Long Island Polo Playing Set.

I could see it was tough on Mike. He liked me but his wife wore the pants. He probably took a lot more than he wanted to—just so he could spend more time with his little secretary. To me, it looked like one of those "arrangements." Anyway, the best Mike could do was give me a better job. Lots better. He made me an inspector. When the houses were finished, I inspected them to make sure they wouldn't melt in the rain. "One of the best things about the construction business," said Mike, "is that the less work you do, the more money you make—or vicey versey—until by the time you don't do any work at all, you're a lousy capitalist like me!"

"Is there a better way?" I asked him, sort of stupid like.

He looked at me with his eyes narrowed. "Sure," he said slowly. "Marry the boss's daughter." He punched me fondly between the shoulders and told me to get to work. I went out to a remote section of Skurtzofftown to inspect some new houses.

I was busy checking my list (everything was marked "O.K." unless it collapsed when I belched) in a fifteen-thousand-dollar split-level and feeling kind of lonesome. All of a sudden there was a light footstep on the stairs and—no, it wasn't Mrs. Skurtzoff; it was her daughter, Daphne of the hot pants.

Her pants came in short gasps now as she stod in the doorway. She wasn't subtle at all. "Fancy meeting

you here," she said, grinning.

"It's even fancier meeting *you* here," I told her. "Thinking of buying a house?"

"Not a house. A man."

"You got the price?"

She sort of oozed toward me. "Sure—and I'll pay on the barrelhead."

I looked around for a barrelhead, but there was only a pile of nice soft bags of insulation on the floor. Little drops of hot lava came out on my forehead. Daphne Skurtzoff was a hungry tigress; a maneater. She made all the advances—until, that is, we got down to brass tacks. Down to those insulation bags, I mean. And, look, if you think you know about making love, you should try it on a stack of insulation bags in an empty house sometime!

Well, I hate to brag, but even a starving tigress will lie down and purr if she's fed enough. After a long, long time, Daphne looked up at me through half-closed lids and purred, "We've got to get married. I can't take a chance on losing you. C'mon, let's tell the folks!"

I admit I'm kind of weak-willed, in a way. I hadn't even proposed, which every man is supposed to. Yet here I was getting hooked up with the pretty, sexy daughter of a millionaire who had already practically given his consent! Yep—that's what I call being *weak*.

Old Mike Skurtzoff beamed and gave us his blessing when we told him. Later, he drew me aside and winked. "I knew you were all man, the minute I saw you throw that slob through the wall. Daphne needs somebody like you. Can you imagine one of those polo playing punks keeping her happy?"

It's a wise man who knows his own daughter.

Forget the congratulations, but thanks anyway. When Amanda heard about our plans, I thought she'd blow her stacking swivel. Later on, I heard about her reaction. "After all we've worked for," she stormed at Mike, "you want our daughter to marry a—a prize-fighting plasterer, I mean a plastered prize-fighter? A *bum*?"

"When you married me," answered Mike, "I was a cement mixer."

"Yes, but you had *me* to make something out of you. Daphne? Let's face it—our daughter's an oversexed little tramp who doesn't care what her husband does for a living so long as she's tuckered out when he tucks her in. Every night. Besides, this Kovac is too old for her. He must be thirty-three, at least."

"He is," said Mike. "He's five years younger than you are, my love. But, remember, I was fifteen years older than you when we got married. Come to think of it, I still am."

"Yes," retorted Amanda unkindly, "and look what's happened. At fifty-three, your leading hobby is pinching teenage file clerks—while I, for the sake of appearances, have to sit around frustrated."

"I resent that," said Mike. "She's not a file clerk—she's a private secretary!"

"Anyway, our daughter's going to marry Lamarr Bitts, son of the dog food king." It was Amanda's final word.

"He's the son of a Bitts, all right," muttered Mike. It was his last word, too.

Okay. We've come to—what do they call it?—a crucial point in this story of punching-bags-to-riches. You know damn well it has a happy ending because otherwise I wouldn't be here smoking a two-dollar cigar and dictating it to the sexiest looking steno a guy ever chased around a desk. So let's get on with it.

Daphne and I said to hell with Amanda; we'd get married, anyway. Even if she did own fifty percent of Skurtzoff Construction, Inc. It would have worked out all right, except for one little detail. Amanda owned fifty-*one* percent of the voting power in the company. She said that if we dared to get married, we'd have to live on what I could make as a plasterer. That might have been all right for Daphne, but not me. I sat down and thought. And thought and thought.

Finally, like Einstein must have

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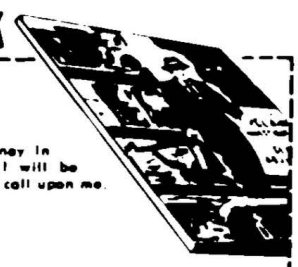
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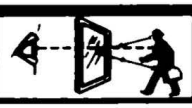
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stumbled onto his theory, and Edison got the idea for the light bulb—or whatever it was he invented—the Big Idea hit me. Right out of the blue. I had to tell Daphne about it, because if a thing like that should come out later, I'd be dead.

"Your old lady is against us, right? So we've got to get her with us, right?" I looked at my own true love long and hard. "So other guys might have different ways of getting around her. Me—I got only one way. It's the thing I do best. Understand?"

Daphne hesitated, but she knew I was right. "I'll get drunk while it's happening, so I won't think about it," she said. "And I hope it works."

"So do I," I said, "—I wouldn't want to go to the trouble for nothing."

The way we worked it, I called Amanda, one day, and told her I thought she should take a more active interest in the business. I was inspecting a house, as it happened, and did she want to come down and see how it was done.

She did. I should have been suspicious, it was all so easy. But, anyway, she came down to the house in her own white Caddie convertible and trotted in, snippy as you please.

If you thought Daphne was sudden, you should have seen her old lady! First she looked out the window to make sure no one was around on the brand new, deserted street. Then she turned to me and raised one eyebrow.

"I had a feeling it would turn out like this," she said. I blinked wondering what the hell she meant. "I knew you were too much man to be satisfied with a twenty-year-old sexpot. You need someone with experience—someone on your own level." She walked toward me, unbuttoning her blouse. "I'll show you what I mean."

She showed me what she meant. We didn't have a barrelhead or even a stack of insulation bags. Just a pile of nice soft leftover wall-to-wall carpeting (we sell the houses already carpeted, a neat gimmick).

Amanda showed me things that, after twenty years of activity, I wasn't sure existed. I mean, this chick made you want to flap your wings and crow!

Like I say, I'm kind of weak-willed, at times. I listened to Amanda talking, and I found myself saying yes to everything. She said things like: "You know what I am? I'm an empire builder builder! I made a big man out of little Mike Skurtzoff; now I'm finished with him. But I'm still young—I still have time to do it again. And I could do it with *you!*" And she said things like: "It will be a lot easier, this time; I already own half the business."

And, finally, she said: "After the legal work is finished—after I make Mike buy me out—you and I will fly down to Juarez. We'll be married the day after the divorce."

And I kept saying yes.

It all worked out real nice. Amanda and I set up a new construction company and we're building like mad. Mike (I'll thank him t'my dying day!) married his little secretary and their daughter-father relationship is heart-warming to watch.

As for Daphne, she isn't missing a thing. Her husband, Lamarr Bitts, spends his summers playing polo on Long Island and his winters playing polo in Argentina. And when he's not around, Daphne comes and stays with her mother and her step-father. . . . We have a pretty heart-warming relationship also, I might say.

So, then, the moral of this here story is plain and simple: All you punks and plug-uglies, stiffs and bums—if you want to make it big and make it fast, *don't* marry the boss's daughter.

Marry his wife. ●

A NATURAL SON OF THE OLD WEST

(Continued from page 11)

go 'thout goin' the limit. Harry, he undid her buttons an' patted them pert little breasts o' hers to a quick-heavin' glow. An' he pasted hisself close to Alice, an' pushed up her dress, an' dropped his dungarees outa the way, an' they played an' played with each other 'til they was half-nuts with wantin', the way kids 'll get. But Alice, when it come right down to it, she knowed what was right, an' while she wanted to most as much as he did, she called a halt an' brung up the idea o' gettin' hitched. Harry hadn't thunk on it afore, but the more he did now, with Alice's plump li'l thighs a-scroungin' up the dust in the moonlight, the more it 'pealed to him. By the time he took her home an' headed home hisself, he were as set on it as her.

Harry knowed his Maw was like most Maws an' sure to say he was too young an' like that. So he were a mite nervy when he comed into the house, but as things turned out, he didn't have a chancet to face up to it 'cause they had a visitor.

Harry knowed him. He'd see'd him oncet every couple o' years or so sincet he was a tot. See, the townfolk, they guessed right 'bout Jake; ever' so often, like this night, he'd sneak back in to see Melinda an' his boy an' then ride out afore dawn.

Now Jake, these times, he always brought some kinda present fer the boy. 'Counta this, Harry were sorta

fond o' him an' didn't have no grudge 'gainst his Pappy fer runnin' off an' leavin him an' his Maw like that after he robbed the bank. He thought his Pappy were kinda romantic an' when he was a little tyke, he used to dream o' some day goin' off with him an' bein' a bank robber too. Wal, Melinda pounded them notions outa him, but she still never low-rated Jake to Harry, so the boy didn't have no malice fer him.

This time Jake had brung him a right smart saddle as a gift an' this made Harry downright happy. Towards mornin', when it were time for Jake to leave he turned to the boy an' told him to throw the saddle on his hoss an' ride out with him a piece. Harry, he thunk this were great, 'cause he still thinks his father's romantic, 'most a legend in fact, so he gets saddled up right fast.

When they's a bit away from the house, Jake tells Harry how he knows he ain't been much of a Pappy, an' he's sorry, but he guesses it's too late now. Still, if the boy's ever in any trouble, he should let him know an' he'll hustle on back to help him out. Meantime, he should stick to the straight an' narrow an' not make the mistakes his Pappy made.

Wal, this stirs Harry up some, an' suddenly he finds he wants to tell his Pappy all 'bout how he feels 'bout Alice. So he does, an' his Pappy, he nods, an' approves, an' pats him on the back an' all, an' tells him she sure sounds like a mighty fine girl an' if he wants to hitch up with her, he should. "What's her name?" Jake finally asks him.

"Alice. Alice Phipps."

When he hears this, ol' Jake, he pulls up his hoss so sharp he danged near rips his mouth with the bridle. "The banker's daughter?" he says.

Harry reins up an' trots back to his Pappy. "Yep," he says.

Now Jake, he lets loose some plain-an'-fancy cussin' just like Harry, he weren't still pretty much a kid. Finally, he stops hisself an' takes a deep breath. "Son," he says, you ain't gonna marry that girl."

"Why not?" says Harry, bridlin' a mite.

"I'm a gonna tell you. Son, I was pretty wild when I was young an' yer Maw an' me was hitched. I drunk too much an' gambled too much an' chased the fillies too much. But will you please believe me iffen I tell you something', Son?"

"I reckon I will, Paw."

"Right. Then hear this. I never did nothin' downright illegal 'til I robbed Phipps' bank. You believe that?"

"Yes, Paw."

"Right. Now, why do you s'pose I suddenly take it into my head to do a thing like that an' run off from yer Maw an' all?"

"I dunno. Why, Paw?"

"I'll tell you why. Even though I ain't proud o' it an' it'll hurt you to hear, I'm gonna tell you. It were 'cause I was in love with Amy Phipps."

"You mean Alice's Maw?"

"That's right. Now, I didn't know your Maw were a-carryin' you at the time, an' 'most as soon as we was hitched, I realized we both made a bad match. 'Bout that time, I met Amy. Cain't rightly explain it, but somethin' clicked 'tween us right away. Don't rightly 'member that we ever talked 'bout it, 'ceptin' to set up the time an' place. We just fell on each other back in them woods back there an' went at it like dogs in the matin' season. Fer both of us, it was like nothin' else we ever knowed. An' oncet it begun, it were torture fer us to stay away from each other. Didn't take long afore we was makin' plans fer runnin' off together."

Harry, he were lookin' a might peaked 'bout now, but he grit up his jaw an' heared his Pappy out.

"Now Amy," his Paw goed on, "she comed of a rich fam'ly an' she were used to livin' high off the hawg an' I knowed we'd need a passle o' money to pull it off. So, 'tween us, we decided to rob her husband's bank. 'Cordin' to Amy, mosta the money in it were rightly hers anyway, sincet her Pappy, he put up the cash to put Rodney Phipps in business. Way she put it, didn't seem like thievin' 'tall, just like gettin' back her rightful due.

"Wal, to cut it short, I done it. She were s'posed to meet me in Dodge City 'bout six months later. She never showed an' I found out later that she birthed little Alice 'bout that time an' that changed her mind 'bout a lotta things. Awhile after that a letter from her caught up with me in Tombstone, an' in it she said as how she still loved me, but she thought it best if we never see'd each other again. She said it were fer Alice's sake, an' she wrote as how sure 'nuf I was Alice's father. I knowed it were true, 'cause Phipps, he were outa town 'round that time an' she an' me was doin' it most every night. Anyhow, after that I never gived much of a damn fer nothin'. I become a robber an' stuck to it 'til it was too late to change. I did what she wanted, though. I never saw her again, nor Alice neither.

"You understan' now why you an' Alice cain't hitch up? She's yer sister, Son, that's why!" An' with them words, Jake booted his hoss an' rode hell-for-leather for the hills, leavin' Harry settin' there atop his new saddle, a-tryin' to 'member he were too old to cry.

Next day come, Harry breaked it off with Alice like a real man. He

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done it short an' quick an' he hurt her, but he knowed somehow it were the best way. An' when she wept to him that he didn't love her no more, he swallered hard an' tol' her no, he didn't, but he'd always feel right friendly 'bout her anyway. This made her mad, an' that were good, 'cause he figgered bein' mad would help her get over the hurt.

But he weren't mad, an' there weren't much could help him get over it. He begun a-mopin' an' a-sufferin' 'round the house 'til naturally his Maw knowed somethin' was a-eatin' at him. He wouldn't tell her what, so she figgered it were somethin' to do with Jake an' fer the first time in a long while she got bitter all over again 'bout how rotten their marriage worked out an' him runnin' off an' leavin' her an' all.

Wal, things went on that way for a few weeks 'thout gettin' any better. Got to the point where they was a-rubbin' one on t'other like two raw blisters a-facin' each other an' bumpin' in the crook o' the knee. Finally, Melinda, she couldn't take no more o' it, an' she telled Harry she's his Maw, an' she's got a right to know what happened with Jake to make him so skittish an' lots more like that 'til she finally weared pore Harry down an' he told her the whole story.

He begun with him an' Alice, an' the words begun a-pourin' out so fast he didn't notice how white she turned when he talked on how much he'd wanted to marry Alice. An' when he got to the part 'bout what Jake told him, he was so 'shamed to be tellin' his Maw how his Pappy'd been a-cheatin' on her that he didn't see how the blood begun a-pourin' back into her face an' how she sudden-like got a expression like a hoss thief a-learnin' he ain't a gonna be hanged after all.

Most young-uns don't know their folks one mite, an' Harry, he were no 'ception. Melinda didn't mind the idea o' his gettin' married. Contrariwise, like most womenfolk, she thunk all men should get hitched an' that marriage had a real settlin' effect even if it hadn't worked out that way in her case. No, she didn't mind losin' her son, but in the beginnin' when he were a-talkin' 'bout how much he loved Alice Phipps, she 'most keeled over, she didn't want him to marry Alice so bad. But once she heared 'bout Jake an' Amy Phipps, she knowed ev'rything were gonna be all right an' she was a-gonna play Santa Claus fer her son like she usta when he was a little tyke. Yessir, she were gonna play Santa Claus one last time an' give him the best present ever, even if she knowed he might despise her fer it.

An' so she done it.

"Harry," she says (Cont.)

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"You and Alice are going to be married. What's more, you're going to be married with my blessing."

"Oh, Maw, what are you talkin' 'bout? We can't get hitched now that I know she's my sister—or, my half-sister, anyhow."

"She's not your sister."

"Meanin' what, Maw?"

Melinda took a deep breath. "This may shock you, but Jake Groggins is not your real father. While he was having his affair with Amy Phipps, I was away. Supposedly, I was visiting relatives in Wichita. Actually, I was living in a hotel with a man with whom I was very much in love."

Now, this set Harry back on his ear more than a mite. It took him a spell to mull it over rightly an' sort out what it meant. When he had it straight, though, there weren't no room in him fer despisin' his Maw the way she was afeard he would. He were just all choked up with bein' happy 'bout now he an' Alice could get hitched an' he could heist her petticoats 'thout worryin' somebody'd see. Made him so happy, he couldn't rightly hold back. "Yippee!" he let loose an' begun slickin' down his hair an' all like he were already halfway to Alice's house. "I gotta go set things straight with Alice right away," he telled his Maw.

"All right, Harry." She sighed sad-like, but it were only half sorrow, t'other half were relief that he didn't hate her for what she done. So she watched him kinda wistful-like as he hotfooted it fer the door.

Sudden-like, though, he pulled hisself up in the doorway an' turned back to her. "Maw, if Jake Groggins ain't my Paw, who is?" he asked.

The school-ma'am, she took a deep breath, but her voice was right steady when she answered:

"Rodney J. Phipps," she told him.

Harry, he thunk on it only a short mite, an' then he shrugged his shoulders like it didn't make no difference nohow, an' hustled hisself off to Alice's house.

They was hitched not too long after that, an' it were quite a sight to see 'em a-ridin' off on their honeymoon. Just like one a them movies 'bout the Old West, they went ridin' off into the sunset together, an' if you looked right hard, you could see them a-fadin' smack into "THE END." ●

THOSE FREE-LOVING COEDS

(Continued from page 46)

Yet, it should be pointed out that today's coeds feel ready, willing and able. The fact is that many campus affairs are actually initiated by the coeds, with the man being led happily into a paradise he had only dared to dream about before.

In their book, *Sex Histories of American College Men*, Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen point out the fact that females mature faster than males both physically and sexually.

"Generally," the Kronhausens write, "the greater sexual maturity of girls which had been evident in the histories at the teen-age level was still operating during their early twenties at the college level. But the kind of female sex aggressiveness of which the students told is also an indication of the cultural changes which are forcefully influencing the sexual behavior of our generation. With the continuing emancipation of women in other areas, we are today also witnessing women's sexual liberation."

These changes are taking place far more rapidly than many people believe. And today, girls are demanding their "rights" more persuasively (even seductively) than they did a decade ago.

"This sexual revolution," the Kronhausens believe, "is perhaps progressing at a much faster rate on the college campus than on Main Street. It seems that many of the college girls and upper-level women are shedding their inhibitions well ahead of the men in their own educational and social groups.

When asked why the college girls of today dared so much more than preceding generations, one coed was amazingly frank. "There isn't so much to dare," she said. "Let's face it. No matter what they *claim*, the real reason 'nice' girls didn't get involved with men was because they were frightened to death of having a baby. Today, there's not a girl on this campus who doesn't know all about how to prevent *that*."

Is this new attitude a good one? The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I wouldn't know," she said. "But right or wrong, it's ours. With the world in the state it is, why shouldn't we have some fun as long as we're alive?"

It may well be that this is the major reason for the big change in coeds. Living under the constant threat of the H-bomb, many of them feel that they just can't afford to take it easy and wait for marriage and a family the way their mothers and grandmothers did.

No matter what the reason, though, the fact remains that the change is here. When a college girl thinks of fun and games, today, she does not limit her ambition to making the girls' basketball team. She's more likely to be thinking of athletics of a far different sort. And the man who wants to play, too, no longer needs to look beyond the groves of Academe. Perhaps this is the real reason why there is so much competition among young males to get into college now. ●



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STUFF OF HEROES

(Continued from page 54)

ways than one. Muriel and I went into our act. Bill flexed his muscles, and the next thing I knew I was sitting on the floor and seeing stars. In the excitement, Bill forgot to pull his punch!

I was still sitting there a moment later when the doorbell rang. Still preening himself, Bill opened it—to admit two of the meanest looking men I have ever seen.

The girls' mouths flew open. Bill's face went white as he asked them who they were.

"We're the Manx brothers," the taller of the two growled. "We've come to get the woman who got our little sister!"

"You can't do that," Bill said. "I won't let you!"

"Yeah?" the tallest Manx growled once more.

I wish I could say that Bill leaped at the two, then, or that he struggled valiantly for the gun. I'm sure he would have if he could, but he just couldn't. He was too busy keeling over in a dead faint.

The two Manxes did not know what had happened, but were only too happy to take advantage of whatever it was. "Take the woman, Ernie," the tall one said. "As for you people, don't nobody move and nobody won't get hurt."

Since I was still sitting on the floor, I figured that no one was paying me much attention. I gritted my teeth, bunched my muscles and made a dive for Ernie's gun hand. Half way there, the back of my head exploded as the taller Manx brought his revolver butt down on the back of my skull.

When I came to a few seconds later, Muriel had my head in her lap and the Manx brothers were ushering Peggy out the door.

And that's when the Marines arrived. Peggy's father plus all six of her brothers. The Manx boys dropped their guns, looked sheepish and allowed themselves to be marched out.

"We got a tip that they were coming here," Peggy's father said. "I'm sorry we weren't quicker." He stared briefly at Bill, who was still unconscious, and myself. "What happened to these two?"

"He fainted!" Peggy pointed at me, scornfully. "But Bill was simply wonderful. He charged Ernie Manx with his bare hands and was brutally clubbed down."

My mouth opened, but Muriel placed a hand in front of it before I could speak.

Peggy's father nodded approval. "I guess the boy has more to him than I thought. Does he need a doctor?" (Cont.)

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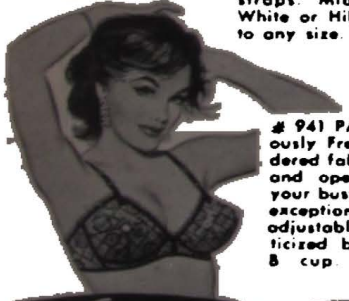


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"No, I'll take care of him, Dad."

Peggy saw her father out the door, then turned back to me. "I'm sorry for the lie," she said. "But it was no more phony than that fight you two staged."

"When . . . when did you figure that out?" I asked, weakly.

"From the first. First of all, it's easy for another woman to see that Muriel is not the sort of girl to let a man push her around like you pretended to."

"And in the second place?"

"In the second place, I know Bill!"

"And it doesn't make any difference?"

"Not a bit." She smiled sweetly. "Laughing at danger is not the most important way for a man to prove his virility to a woman," she said. "There is a far more basic method. And when it comes to that, your brother is every inch a man."

"Oh," was all I could manage to say. But I looked at Bill with new respect.

Peggy brought Bill to, quickly, and led him out the door. It was time they had an understanding, she told him.

Muriel looked at me. "The trouble with men is that they don't know what makes them heroes to women," she said, softly.

"I'm always willing to learn," I replied weakly. ●

SIZE-O-MANIA

(Continued from page 14)

World" (at Coney Island) and the "largest Funeral Home in the World" (on the outskirts of Los Angeles) might be taken in stride, but it's hard to view with equanimity such claims to mammoth-ness as "the World's largest Crematorium" (also Los Angeles), "the biggest Slaughterhouse in the World" (Chicago) and "the largest Fertilizer Processing Plant in the Country" (Wisconsin).

However, it is when the geographical origins of bigness give way to the philosophical acceptance of it that the real heights of the ridiculous are scaled. Philosophically, Americans have always thought big. Big business, big spending, big production, big consumption—these are the precepts upon which our country has to a great extent been built. But today we are in the position of the bartender awaiting Big John; the concept of bigness has grown beyond our ability to cope with it and both American thought and the language which expresses it are in danger of being overwhelmed by the confusion surrounding it.

This confusion stems from the smallest minds attempting to cash in on thinking big. It's expressed in phrases like "the largest compact car made," and "Reno: the biggest little city in the world," and on labels like "Big-Little Books" for children who, according to the nod given to bigness by modern psychologists and educators, are really "little grown-ups."

On another plane, just about anything is worthy of a boast if it's big enough. Thus we see men bragging about being big drinkers, we find cities all puffed up because they have big traffic jams, we even find an element of national pride in having a big crime syndicate. Did the movie business take a boxoffice nosedive a few years back? The solution was simple—a wide screen to present the big picture and audiences flocked back.

There's no such thing any more as a small picnic, a small parade, a small dinner, a small celebration, a small dance. The picnic may draw three couples, the parade may be only a small Boy Scout patrol, the dinner may be attended by half-a-dozen reluctant sponsors, the celebration may fizzle out and the dance may be held on a postage-stamp ballroom floor with music by a three-piece combo, but so long as any of them are publicized, they're heralded as big. It's all part of the big picture, the large design.

And so we've arrived at the point where we have only the second biggest H-bombs, (20 megatons to the Russians' 100), but in the biggest supply (well past the point of Overkill, according to President Kennedy). The question is, have we brains big enough to cope with all that these—and all the other manifestations of bigness—imply? Don't worry. Such human intellect may not be necessary. You see, we have also created big mechanical brains like Univac to help solve such problems.

Of course, these giant gismos just might create more problems. For instance, the story is told of how the biggest, most elaborate of these brains was built at a cost of 100 billion dollars over a period of 20 years. At last it was completed and the foremost scientists, philosophers, statesmen and rulers of the world gathered to watch it put into operation.

Now, this mammoth mechanical brain had been designed to answer any question capable of being conceived by man. Therefore, there was much discussion as to just what the first question put to it should be. Finally the assembled notables reached agreement. The question fed into the giant computer was: "Is there a God?"

Wheels turned, gears spun, electricity crackled; a smooth hum gave

way to an efficient buzzing, bright-colored lights flashed and levers set and re-set themselves. Finally, a slip of paper slid smoothly out of the slot which delivered the answers to the questions asked of the Big Brain.

And the words of the paper were these: "There is, now!"

The story is apocryphal, but accepting the answer literally calls for the warning of a postscript: And His name is not God, but Big! ●

BUSY BAWD WHO RAN AN ARMY RAGGED

(Continued from page 60)

Anne having a monopoly on the sale of *all* commissions, however, they felt left out in the cold.

Perhaps it wouldn't have been so bad if the duke had run things on his own. But the men were understandably annoyed at the local sex symbol having the power to decide who should or who should not become an officer in His Majesty's army—while taking money out of their pockets, to boot.

Though the grumbling grew louder month by month, Frederick Augustus *was* the king's favorite son. The stonemason's former wife, therefore, was allowed to keep her business running long enough to pile up a small fortune. It wasn't until 1809 that an obscure member of Parliament—who also happened to be an army officer — brought the matter into the open.

What followed was a scandal as wild or wilder than the recent Profumo one. The newspapers took it up, the mob shrieked about it in the streets and cartoonists had great fun drawing caricatures of the duke and his lovely mistress.

The upshot of the scandal was that the duke had to quit his job as Commander-in-Chief of the army that he had been brought in to reform. For the next two years he hardly appeared in public.

As for Mary Anne? She may have lost her business, but she'd been wise enough to take out a little insurance policy. She saved the duke's old love letters.

These letters must have been hot stuff, indeed. Because for not publishing them and returning them to the sender, instead, she was able to collect 7,000 pounds in cash and 400 a year for as long as she lived.

Later on she became the mistress of still another passionate nobleman, the Marquess of Londonderry—but that is another story. With the hot-blooded English, the end of one affair almost always marks the beginning of another. ●

TIGRESS, TIGRESS, BURNING BRIGHT

(Continued from page 22)

away from the village, my strength would return. A week's march would be nothing. I was happy. Even as I strode from my hut, I racked my brain. What could possibly go wrong to prevent my leaving? Nothing. What taboo might I have broken to keep me there? None. Already, I thought of the previous week as a glorious and fulfilling incident in my life. Even Tee-Nah — I would remember her with affection.

I shook hands with the Chief and my closer friends. The entire tribe gathered around to wish me goodbye. I was, I admit, a little shaken when I found out that there is no privacy among the Synteng.

The Chief said, beaming, "I am glad that you were able to keep my daughter happy for as long as you were here. You lasted longer than any of the others."

I grinned feebly. "Er—glad I was able to come through," I murmured.

The old man went on. "When I die, we would like white man for chief. I hoped we could make you stay—even if we had to trick you. But we are honest: since you broke no Synteng rule, you may go."

As I turned to leave, I saw Tee-Nah. She was off to one side, smiling demurely in the shadow of a palm tree. I thought of the pleasanter hours we'd had together, and the fact that she was really a kitten at heart, a tiger elsewhere — and she could not help herself. For old times' sake, and to show there were no hard feelings, I walked over to her and thrust out my hand. "Let's shake on it, at least," I said, gallantly.

She blinked. Then she slowly extended her tiny hand toward mine, as though doubtful that she would get it back. In a delirium of magnanimous joy at the thought of leaving the place, I took her hand and kissed it.

What happened then had no less effect upon me than would an atom bomb exploding in my bathroom. Tee-Nah dropped to the ground. She uttered a glad cry and, seizing my foot, kissed it. The entire tribe, cheering, gathered round. They pumped my hand vigorously and spoke in congratulatory terms. The Chief, trying not to show the cream on his wily old whiskers, came up beaming. "Wonderful," he said, nodding, "—I am glad you changed your mind. We will have the wedding right away—tomorrow!"

The A's and the B's arrived in my stomach at the same time and caused a nuclear explosion. "Wh-what?"

"Yes, darling," smiled Tee-Nah, leaning against me fondly, with

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brazen familiarity, "—you see, by offering me your hand, you offered yourself—forever. By accepting my hand, you accepted *me*—forever. It is the Synteng's Great Law. I am so happy you waited until the last minute before making up your mind. It lends a note of the dramatic to the start of our life together." She clutched me to her, possessively. As though she could hardly wait.

Talk about a snow job! Man, I'd been taken. There was nothing I could do about it. Nothing but follow Tee-Nah back to my — our — little shack and get undressed.

Well, what I'm telling you about all took place two months ago. I, once a 220-pound reservoir of masculine pride and accomplishment, have been since reduced to a 97-pound weakling. I am writing this letter to the Outside with the hope that there may be a dozen strong young men among you who would like to dwell, for a time, in an earthly paradise. For I need a replacement soon. I can't last more than a few weeks longer, at this rate.

Don't I beg of you, come alone! Form a club, and come together. You can take turns . . . But for God's sake —*hurry!* ●

FANNY HILL VS. CHRISTINE KEELER

(Continued from page 9)

of Fanny. Where Christine holds the interest between the lines, Fanny succeeds in making the sex act dull by describing it over and over again with precious little variation. Page after page, her men are supplied with impossibly Herculean equipment. Page after page details sexual fruition in terms of implausibly Niagara-like deluges. Page after page, without pause, mutual ecstasy is reached simultaneously with never a slip-up in technique, or timing. Such perfection becomes not only wearying, it also brings awareness that Fanny's idyllic world of sex is a fantasy world far removed from reality.

The same, however, may not be said of Fanny's career itself. It emerges from the pages so true to life as to point up the fact that no matter what other changes society may go through, the ways of a maiden's fall from virtue remain pretty much the same. So much the same, in fact, that when Christine is placed alongside Fanny the picture is one of life plagiarizing literature. Or, as Seneca put it, "As is a tale, so is life."

The tale introduces Fanny as the daughter of "extremely poor" parents living in a small village near Liverpool. Life presented Christine with equally poor parents residing in a railroad car converted into a shack in the small village of Wraybury not too far from London.

Orphaned at the age of 15, Fanny goes to London "to seek my fortune, a phrase," she prophetically moralizes, "which has ruined more adventurers of both sexes, from the country, than ever it made or advanced." Christine also went to London at age 15 and shortly thereafter, as she herself so delicately puts it, "I was introduced to my first interesting male companions."

In London, Fanny falls into the hands of a procuress, Mrs. Cole, an older woman who "won and got entire possession of me." Christine moved in with 50-year-old Dr. Stephen Ward, guide and mentor to many a willing young prostitute.

Fanny is introduced by Mrs. Cole to the "three beautiful creatures" of her "small domestic flock" of working harlots. Christine was introduced by Dr. Ward to call girls Mandy Rice Davies, Margaret Ricardo and Mariella Novotny.

Fanny also meets, through Mrs. Cole, "gentlemen" who "were by their rank and birth superior." And Ward arranged to have Christine meet the blueblooded males of the Cliveden set.

While being kept by a Mr. H., Fanny carries on a side affair with a lackey named Will and is eventually caught at it. Christine likewise shared her favors simultaneously with British War Minister Profumo and Russian Naval attache Captain Eugene Ivanov, and, as in Fanny's case, her duplicity was discovered.

Fanny pays homage to those men "they call vulgar" as providing her with "so exalted a pleasure" as is lacking in the men of the inhibited upper classes who "suffer themselves to be so grossly cheated by their pride." Christine found kicks Cliveden couldn't offer in the violence-dispensing arms of Lucky Gordon, twice courtmartialed for attacking officers in the British Army, and John Edgecombe, a Jamaican like Gordon, who had a long record of living off prostitutes and narcotics possession.

To Fanny, each man she has relations with has a charm all his own and each brings her joy with his lovemaking. Christine puts it more succinctly: "I never slept with a man I didn't like," she insists.

Fanny might well be disturbed both by Christine's brazenness and her reticence. Although it is as true of her in spirit as it is of Christine, Fanny would never have made a public statement like this one by the Keeler cutie: "From being a corny little shopgirl, I now know diplomats, film and stage stars, some of Europe's wealthiest men and members of the aristocracy. The trouble is I am young and photogenic If I had been 52 and a suburban housewife, it would never have happened." No, Fanny would never have announced her sins publicly, nor tried to excuse them with that kind of rationalization.

And she would surely find Christine's description of her "seduction" by Profumo equally hypocritical. "There was one of those electric, potent silences," is the way Christine describes it, "and then without a word we were embracing. And he was kissing me. And I was returning his kisses with everything that I suddenly felt for him." The literary quality of that statement is about on a par with Fanny's slushily romantic phraseology, but Fanny would certainly never have minced words and stopped with mere osculation that way.

Still, Fanny might not be as hard on Christine as all that. After all, Fanny has cause to agree with Macauley who, over 100 years ago, penned the lines which to some people epitomize the Keeler ruckus. "We know no spectacle," the historian wrote, "so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality."

Such "periodical fits of morality" have dogged Fanny throughout her history. From the time John Clelland wrote her saga in a debtor's prison, as a means of paying his way out, right up to the present, Fanny has been the periodic target of censors and bluenoses not only in her native England, but in other countries all over the world. Private editions of her memoirs which have appeared over the years have been seized by customs authorities and vice squads throughout Europe and the United States. For years, American postal authorities have placed her chronicles high on the list of pornography to be seized.

Then, recently, the firm of G. P. Putnam, published the first unbowdlerized, non-limited edition of the book in this country. Distributed without incident at first, it later encountered the usual opposition from the five District Attorneys of the five counties of the City of New York. Claiming it was "pornographic," and echoing an earlier charge brought against Fanny in her native London where her memoirs were termed "the quintessence of literary smut," they sought to have the book banned.

But for once, the banning of Fanny was circumvented. The times have passed the hearty old harlot by and Judge Klein found her antics tame indeed when compared with the front page stories on Christine. So Fanny's tale may be read now on grounds which we suspect have always been true. In a nutshell, these grounds boil down to this:

You can censor literature; but you can't censor life! ●


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